

Ford's out Front with a High I.Q.

Scene: Doctor's Office

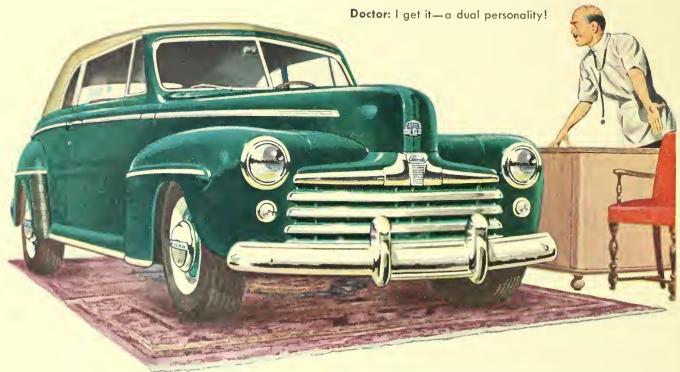
Doctor: Park right here, if you don't mind.

You ought to do the parking, Doctor, and inside.... you'll just love my roomy two-tone interior!

Doctor: H-m-m! No inferiority complex here!

Well, it's like this Doc, I've got a lot to offer. Ford:

> Your choice of two great engines, for instance, V-8 or Six.



No no. Just dual carburetion, dual down-draft carburetion, sir! You pick the engine you want.

Doctor: How are your reflexes?

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Doctor: So I've heard!

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Doctor: You're not bad-looking either.

Ford: I get around—and oh, Doctor, did you notice my complexion? Baked-enamel finish, you know. Won't come off in the rain or anything. And my body! It's a "Life Guard" body with an all-steel physique!

Doctor: Well, you strike me as being a precocious extravert and that's good!

Ford: Thanks Doc, hop in sometime. There may be a Ford in your suture, I mean future!

Doctor: Okay! You've got me all sewed up!





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2

THE AMERICAN VOL. 43

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THE EDITORS' CORNER



Leo Aarons, who took the cover Kodachrome shot for this issue, is that rare combination, a successful artist and an outstanding photographer. Many photographers draw rough sketches before lining up their subjects for the pictures they're going to take; many artists take photographs for reference when making illustrations. But few, like Aaron, have successfully done both. Aaron came to this country from Roumania 37 years ago and for 20 years made a living-and a good living it was, too-as an illustrator. He became interested in photography in the manner previously mentioned, taking photographs to serve as models for his illustrations. Then he saw that he could get a story over faster, and in many cases better, with a camera than with a brush, so he turned to photography. He still does some illustrating, especially when he wants to portray something that the eye can't take in, but for the past 17 years he's been concentrating on photography and at this writing is generally recognized as one of the outstanding commercial photographers in the na-

Flotsam, Jetsam and Lane

Fred Lane (Sidewise Johansen, page 12) has a background of seafaring experience which makes for added authenticity in doing the type of sea story in which he specializes. Lane sailed deepwater when he was 16 and served on all manner of craft thereafter, from tugboats to liners. He was shipwrecked once, but never went over a bar in the manner he describes in Sidewise Johansen. (When we questioned the feasibility of the maneuver which he credits to Captain Johansen, however, he came up with records of actual performance which proves it has been done.)

When Lane left the sea he found it impossible to get all of the salt spray out of his blood, so he settled on the California coast, not too far distant from San Francisco, yet isolated enough that the usual sounds he hears are those of waves pounding against the rocks instead of the hollering of neighbors' children. lle lives there with his wife and typewriter

(he didn't mention anything else) but he says both are sometimes neglected because he feels it his duty to investigate whatever washes up in his cove. To date he has salvaged lumber of varying sizes and kinds; several life preservers; fishing net floats; two oars (un-mated) and is frequently confronted with such problems as the disposal of defunct sea lions, live mines and limp whales.

Look! Dawydoff

Alexis Dawyde ff (Look, No Motor, page 26) once broke his leg while testing a rebuilt glider and spent a year and three months in the hospital as a result. His left leg is still stiff, but if anything, the accident made him even more of a glider enthusiast. Today, in addition to being an outstanding glider pilot and one of the best known writers on the subject, he is part owner of an outfit called Gliding and Soaring Service, Inc., which does everything from offering glider training under the GI Bill to putting on soaring operations at such widely separated points as Sanford, Florida, and Ellenville, N. Y.

Bar Ranch

From Texas, Suh, our correspondent C. C. Springfield reports that things are running smoothly in the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, where he is now located. Springfield (Dang'dest Show On Earth, page 9) is Executive Secretary to the General Manager of the prison system there, a job which entails investigating prison breaks, chasing escapees, serving as head of the penitentiary draft board (now defunct) and being publicity and advertising man for the prison rodeos which he so ably describes in his article.

He claims he loves his work, and the fact that he weighs 200 stripped accounts both for his ability to hold his job in the prison and his continued interest in the work.

D.S.







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• (BAUER & BLACK)

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Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Consider the Source

Sir: I noticed in the April issue that one of our good readers seems to be getting tired of what he calls "your continual prattle of the dangers of the communists."

Here in New Orleans, we occasionally have someone who comes out with the same thing, and after checking we find that he is mixed up with a group of so-called "Liberals," or is a member of the communist party.

The easiest way I find to spot a "Red" is to watch who is calling everyone a Fascist or Red Baiter. After finding out who he is, then check and you seem to find that he is always mixed up with a group that the Un-American Activities Committee in Congress has denounced.

LAWRENCE A. STONE II New Orleans, La.

The Water in the Well

Gentlemen: I have just read your article by Patrick J. Hurley, *Prodigal Sam.* I liked it real well but was surprised to find such plain statement of fact. We will never miss the water until the well runs dry, so the song goes. Now for some articles on un-American fascist activities, Hurrah for Free Enterprise. Down with Monopoly and Special Privilege.

A. E. LIGGETT Custer, Oklahoma

Keep that GI Insurance

Sir: Being a veteran and also in the life insurance business, I would like to add my "two cents" on NSLI. I find that the majority of the vets I talk to hardly know a thing about the changes that have been made. The VA, or whoever is responsible, does not give out sufficient information concerning NSLI. The young vet between the ages of 19 and 28 does not realize that it is much easier to build a \$10,000 estate through life insurance than by investments in real estate, etc. This estate would be paid at death to beneficiary; or combined with Social Security at age 65 to afford a nice monthly income for the remainder of his life. . . . A man can be either an asset or a liability to his country. Every man that has sufficient funds at his death or retirement for adequate support of his family is considered an asset. Every man that docs not is a liability. Life Insurance is the only sure way,

> 29th Annual Convention The American Legion New York City August 28-31

and NSLI is the cheapest form. I am sure the vets can rely on every insurance salesman throught the country for aid.

J. H. Lynn Knoxville, Tennessee

We refer Mr. Lynn and all our readers to That VA Insurance Mnddle in the June issue which gives detailed instructions on how to reinstate and continue your insurance. The Editors.

Hubba!

Gentlemen: I noticed the article Birth of a War Chant in the March issue. In 1909, and before, there was a "Hubba Hubba" man in front of a small theater in Portland, Oregon, at Third and Morrison. All day and way up till closing time he would cry: "Hubba!" Any old time Legionnaire in Portland will remember him.

JACK BAUMGARTEN
Los Angeles, California

Look Before You Leap

Sir: I want to compliment Sam Shulsky on his Riding The Big Board in the January Legion magazine. His rule No. 1, "investigate before you invest," is very important. This is easily done since any company listed on the New York Stock Exchange must furnish periodical reports of earnings and must have at least one annual audit by an independent certified public accountant. This information is available in your broker's office and should be inspected before a purchase is made. It is further suggested that a new investor should ask his broker for a list of companies which have paid dividends every year for 40 years or longer. Generally speaking, any company which has done this may be considered sound and its stock may be bought with reasonable confidence. However, this fact does not eliminate the desirability of going over their financial statement. Most GIs should, as Mr. Shulsky indicates, leave the speculative stocks to those who can afford the risks involved. Venture capital is needed for new developments but should be furnished by those whose financial standing would not be hurt if the enterprise turned sour.

> J. Franklin Greenlee Charleston, West Virginia

About Trucks

Sir: The article Your Chances in Trucking by Ray Sherman in the March issue was most informative for the prospective trucker. However, Mr. Sherman erred in regard to government regulations pertaining to the financing of truck purchases. Although passenger cars, new and used, are currently a listed item under Regulation "W" of the Federal Reserve Board, and are accordingly subject to onethird down-payment and maximum fifteen month payments, new and used trucks have never been included. The amount of down payment required and length of time payment covering truck purchases is at the discretion of the dealer or financing agency. This freedom in financing terms has allowed many presently successful truckers to begin operations and to expand without need of unusually large cash investment.

J. Robert Wegge Pasadena, California

Fresher Water Wanted

Sir: Mason Gibbs' suggestion of a national campaign of The American Legion against this

(pollution) menace to human health and our natural resources is a . . . challenge to the sincerity of our leadership for a great cause. We, way up here on the Canadian border, have pollution trouble, too, with refuse from papermills to the degree that in our State of 10,000 Lakes we have to import pure drinking water. . . We also have serious trouble in our Municipal Water and Light plant by clogging up filters, water hydrants . . . and our once splendid Rainy River fishing has declined to a sad degree.

Hans W. Kruger Baudette, Minnesota

It Pays to Advertise

Sir: I recently was on a 5000 mile trip and I think that the Legion has lost sight of a vast advertising potential. . . . I suggest that every Post have a sign in the form of a Legion emblem posted at every entrance to the town or city stating the Post name, day of meeting, and address of Post home. This would call attention of travelers so they could visit other Posts and also attract prospective members. If this were done on a national scale it would add immensely to the prestige of the Legion.

EDWARD HEIMLICH Asbury Park, New Jersey

The Barefoot Boy With-

Sir: I certainly enjoyed reading Joe Mears' article *There's No Formula For Fishing* in the March issue, concerning the merits and demerits of various types of fishermen.

I enclose a clipping from the *Hattiesburg* (Miss.) *American* which carried a picture of



two small boys, and the prize catch they took with a "rusty hook and a fat, jnicy worm." Please forward this clipping to Mr. Mears with my best wishes for a very good fishing season.

HOWARD OVERSTREET Brooklyn, Mississippi

Left to right in photo, Jimmy Howell, 10; 8-pound bass; and Lewis Myrick, 11, both of Hattiesburg. Photo by Bob Waller of Hattiesburg American. The boys "set their poles out" and went to sleep. When Myrick awoke his pole was in the middle of the lake, going out to sea. He commandeered a boat, overtook the runaway pole, and brought pole and bass ashore. There certainly is no formula for fishing. The Editors.

They Like Fishing For \$\$\$

Sir: I was reading your Sports Varieties under the heading Fishing for Fun and \$\$\$ by Edward A. Lawrence in your April issue. I would like to know if you have his address because I would like to get started in such a business.

CARLTON E. HOYT Winona, Minnesota

Sir: ... being a commercial fisherman I became interested in the fishing possibilities in Alaska and would like ... Mr. Lawrence's address.

Searcy II. Standly Alvin, Texas

Sir:... we would like to ask him more about fishing in Alaska, as we are buddies who have been deeply interested in going to Alaska since we were discharged from the army.... Could you get us in contact with Mr. Lawrence so we can learn about hand-trolling?

WALLACE J. WAGNER EUGENE J. BRAMBERT South Bend, Indiana

Mr. Lawrence, who went fishing on an Alaskan vacation and wound up with a profit, gets mail when sent to: Edward A. Lawrence, Ketchikan, Alaska. He stayed there.

The Editors.

Fishing for an Apartment

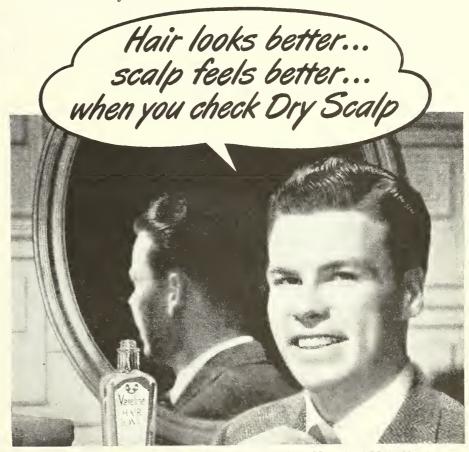
Sir: Seldom have I ever written a letter to the editor of any magazine, never before one of protest. I want to congratulate you on your statement below the letter of Michael Dobkin in the April issue. Also to compliment you on your good taste in publishing some good articles about sports, as well as on other subjects of general interest. I am indeed sorry that Mike doesn't have an apartment, and if I had the least idea that leaving the stories about fishing out of the magazine would help him get one, brother, I would cheerfully forego the pleasure of reading them; and I'll lay you a little cash on the line, at odds, that any other good fisherman would go along with me on this. Maybe we country boys can't appreciate the finer things of the large political units. Also, maybe we don't care how many from the big cities went to war; we were there, too. But a lot of us do appreciate good sportsmanship, thoroughly enjoy the exhilaration of good clean sport like fishing and hunting, and get a big thrill out of a good rip-roaring story on the subject. Certainly I have no objection if you publish articles on matters in which I am not particularly interested. But I'll be dadblamed if I can understand why Mike, apparently because he doesn't have an apartment, can't just leave us simple folks alone, and let us go fishing, and read about it, if we want to.

> Ansel Cooke Seattle, Washington

Sir: You can tell Michael Dobkin for me that it is the city men who hunger for those sport articles. I have every one of those fishing and hunting articles filed away waiting my vacation and long holiday week ends. Dodger fans can see nothing but baseball, but how about the rest of the US? Keep 'em coming.

C. W. DAVISON Hollywood, California oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"...I DON'T NEED glasses to see that he's got Dry Scalp! His hair certainly is a mess...it's dull looking and unkempt...looks as though he *never* combed it, and there's loose dandruff, too. It's time somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!'



IT'S EASY as can be to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day make the difference. It supplements natural scalp oils...leaves your hair natural-looking, your scalp feeling like a million. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients... excellent with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care to both scalp and hair...and it's so economical, too.

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Seven towers on seven hilltops

Airplane photograph of one of seven relay stations - to test use of radio "microwaves" for Long Distance calls

Built by the Bell System, they will provide a new kind of Long Distance communication.

Each hilltop tower is a relay station between New York and Boston* for very short radio waves.

These "microwaves" are free from static and most man-made interference. But they shoot off into space instead of following the earth's curve. So they have to be gathered into a beam and aimed at the uext tower, about 30 miles away.

That's the job of the four big, square, metal lenses on each tower. They focus microwaves very much as a magnifying glass focuses the sun's rays.

These radio relay systems may be used for Long Distance telephone ealls and to transmit pictures, radio broadcasts and television programs.

This is another example of the Bell System's effort to provide more and better Long Distance service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



*We have applied to the Federal Communications Commission for authority to start a similar link later between New York and Chicago,



Dangdest Show on Earth

Things happen that aren't on the program when the hardened convicts of the Texas State Prison System take to busting wild bulls. It's morale, they say. It's rodeo plus, too

ously heralded by its citizens as the native soil of the best, the biggest and the brightest of anything, is the home of the roughest, wildest show in captivity. The pictures on these pages give some idea of that rip-roaring spectacle, the Texas Prison System's Annual Rodeo. It's a piece of bronc-busting, cow-wrestling and bone-smashing buffoonery that is wild to the eye and wilder beneath the surface.

The pictures don't begin to tell the story. While the horses and bulls are mean and ornery, the men who ride them are mostly of the same unbridled breed. They are life-termers, two-termers, three-plus termers, thieves, murderers and robbers; men who have gambled with the law all their days, cooped up so long they are glad to gamble their bones and their necks in order to vary the monotony



Ever milk a wild cow? Maybe these convicts didn't either, but you see them trying their level best. Odds favor the cow

of prison farm life. The riders and beefwrestlers are all volunteers. They include some of the most desperate men in the State of Texas, and on more than one occasion they have tried to use the rodeo as a springboard for a prison-break scheme.

This is nothing against the rodeo, since in the main the performing convicts give far less trouble during the rodeo than at other times of the year. But that element lifts the show, as a spectacle, above anything ever dreamed of in Madison Square Garden. The prison guards appreciate the reckless character of the showmen—the crazy stunts they pull and the chances they take in the rodeo are evidence enough. So, in addition to a zany, Wild West show, there is always the undercurrent of a cat-and-mouse game between promoter and performer. No holds are barred, but all bars must hold.

The Texas Prison System has a well-developed program of craft schools, music and other entertainments, libraries and various other tools for rehabilitation of all but the incorrigible convicts. But a prison is no Sunday School. There are always habitual criminals with an appearance.

tite for excitement, which they will appease in one way if not in another.

Back in 1930 when the baseball season ended, Lee Simmons, then General Manager, tried to think of something new to keep the more restless inmates' minds off of full-time jailbreak plotting until the next baseball season should roll around. Anywhere in the Southwest such thinking naturally comes around to "rodeo" before too long, and rodeo it was.

Albert Moore, Recreational Director, set up some flimsy pony chutes, volunteer contestants were called in from the outlying prison farm system, and the first annual rodeo went on in the ball park just east of the Huntsville Prison. The convicts, watching from their caged-off grandstand, whooped as Bill Duncan took off on a salty brone to open the show. And the same whoop has resounded each year since then, before a growing, paid-attendance public audience. Last year it took four Sundays to complete the contest, to a packed house of 25,000 each Sunday.

The rodeo has its personalities. The same Bill Duncan who gave the premiere

performance in 1930, was back last year. Bill got out of stir long ago and went to Oklahoma, which welcomed him with open arms and a 50 year sentence. To relieve the monotony Bill busted horses in some Oklahoma penal farm shows until he was reprieved in 1946 in order that he might visit his folks in Texas.

In the meantime Texas had discovered that although it had ended the stretch Bill was serving in 1930 he still owed Texas society a few more debts, and a zealous Texas sheriff put him in the cooler on some old charges. The result was that he picked up a 25-year term in the Lone Star State. We won't go into Bill's history of crime. In 1946 he was once more enrolled in the Annual Rodeo at Huntsville, and despite the fact that the shadows are getting long for him, he came off with several first prizes.

Bill had to share the dubious honor of old-timer with Bert Stonehocker, one of the clowns. Bert was doing his fourteenth show last year, despite the fact that between shows One and Fourteen he had finished three hitches and was now doing the tail end of the fourth.

The rodeo has been a terrific success, but it hasn't been all peaches and cream. On the opening Sunday of last year's show one of the inmates, in escaping a bull, hit the fence. Instead of getting back in the arena when the bull shambled off, he teetered several long moments on the fence separating the arena from the crowd.

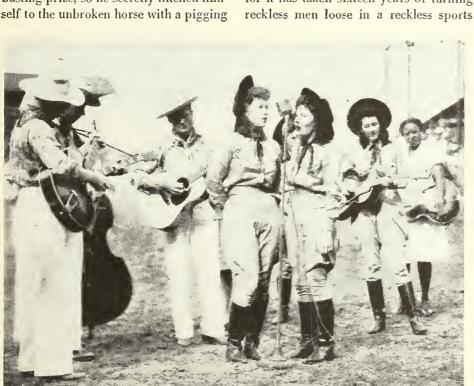
The front office wasn't slow in guessing that he was in reality trying out the guards assigned to that area. The fact that they were slow to shoo him back into the arena meant it would be practicable for a half-dozen convicts to jump the fence the next Sunday at the same place and dive into the crowd. The following Sunday there were extra guards at the weak point.

While the guards keep a wary eye on their own charges, they must also keep the paid audience under surveillance, for it naturally teems with graduates from the joint, many of whom are anxious to help out their unluckier brethren, and I do mean out. Then too, the same enthusiasm which is shown for escape all year manifests itself in the desire to win (or just take) one or more of the rodeo prizes. Sometimes a contestant arranges for a confederate to load the chute with an "easy" bull. Last year one of the lifers had his heart set on winning a broncbusting prize, so he secretly hitched himself to the unbroken horse with a pigging string, and made a remarkable ride lashed to the wild steed. But the other convicts detected a slight motion when he unlatched the string, and alerted prison officials fished him out of the mob that ganged up on him just in the nick of time.

Another time a convict thought of a slick way to win the wild-mare milking contest. In this unique, lacteal race two riders lasso a running mare and throw her. One man sets teeth in one of the mare's ears (an old mule-taming trick) while his partner tries to direct a squirt of her milk into the narrow mouth of a soda water bottle. The team that comes away with most, if any, milk in the bottle, takes the prize. The character in question was caught toting his own milk along with him, in a sponge hidden in his hand.

Once a contestant, a white who hadn't gotten a prize, felt so badly about his failure that he tried to rob a couple of Negro prize-winners in the prison yard. Armed with a knife, he shook one down, then started on the other. But he made a grave error in failing to note that a two-by-four lay nearby. His first victim grabbed it as soon as he was free, and proved that it was more effective than a knife.

Such happenings add a highly unforeseeable spice to the show, and are to be expected in a prison system, rodeo or no rodeo. But they are really the exceptions, for it has taken sixteen years of turning reckless men loose in a reckless sports



Gals from the women's section of the prison round out the show with cowboy swing



Inmate "Lightnin" and senior prison clown Bert Stonehocker tell the world about Texas' prison rodeo in a radio skit



If the horse misses the first time the convicts try this trick again with another man

carnival to produce the few such instances. Most of the convicts are enthusiastic about the show, and don't want anything to curtail it. Last year's gate receipts swelled the \$50,000 War Bond nest egg for the construction of a new and ampler arena, and added sizeably to the Educational and Recreational fund from which are drawn moneys to pay for holiday dinners, books, athletic equipment, trade-training machinery, artificial limbs and railroad fares home.

The craft workers look forward to the rodeo as the season to peddle their wares. They spend their time making leathergoods, jewelry, rugs, shoes, rings and so on during the year, and at the last show they sold \$5,000 worth.

For all its wildness, the rodeo has proved itself as a prison morale booster, and it is only incidentally that it has turned out to be one of the most unique, double-barreled, spectator-sports shows in the country. Yippee! Ride 'em, number 35674859!

The End

Sidewise Johansen

The mate had his career all figured out, and his first step was going to be the old skipper's berth

By FRED LANE ILLUSTRATED BY KEN FAGG

HEAVY WEATHER was making on the North Pacific when I saw Sparks come forward and hand a message to old "Sidewise" Johansen, the Skagway's skipper. You could sense the storm's rising power in the gusty wind whining through the stays and lifting spindrift from the white chop; and you could see its impatient strength driving the oily black scud up from the southwest.

It was a half hour before noon and, as third mate, my watch on the bridge. Captain Johansen gave me the message—a hydrographic office warning reporting that a log raft had broken up north of our position. "We keep a double lookout," the skipper said in his wheezy voice.

There was something comforting in the captain's solid placidity. He was old —the year-marks of time were revealed by his sparse, snowy hair, his weatherstained, crumpled features. and gaunt



I saw them near a lifeboat: The mate was pointing out the stars and constellations

body. But his age seemed to me as that of a rock—sculptured, not vanquished by the battering seas.

He was an imperturbable soul and I think his credo must have been never to look for trouble. Now, the shaft-alley wireless had it that he was slated for retirement—which, for a salt-crusted old shellback would mean a broken heart. And, it seemed more than likely to me that Steve Hopson, our mathematically minded chief mate, certainly would be in command of the Skagway on her next voyage. All of us saw the signs—except, apparently, the old man who simply kept going about his business quietly.

Hopson wasn't the quiet type, at all. He lost no time impressing Mr. Barlow, one of the new eastern owners, who was aboard the Skagway for the passage north to Indian Bay. The mate had the job in his sca bag and he knew it but, just the same, he didn't intend to give old "Sidewise" the ghost of a break. Nor was he neglecting Barlow's daughter, also aboard for the ride. Mr. Barlow represented the new owners who had bought the Skagway and this was his personal inspection tour during which he was to line up new business and, so it was said, weed out some of the old officers.

Just before noon, when the mates were on the bridge hoping for a shot at the sun, Hopson had the Skagway's position figured on dead reckoning before the rest of us could get our pencils out. As usual, he announced it in that cheerful, bugle-call voice of his that easily reached the ears of Barlow and his daughter, bundled up in deck-chairs



We were going to break up on the bar

in the calm lee aft of the chartroom. "Allowing for the current set," the mate said briskly, "we should lift Shark Rock by two bells. That'll put us off Indian Bay Bar while there's still plenty of water under us." And, as usual, he would be right. That was the hell of it. Steve Hopson was always right. It was enough to make anyone jib, the way the mate was casing old Captain Johansen out. Being third mate, I didn't say anything, but Gilbey, the second, did.

"Look, Einstein," he growled, "I happen to be navigatin' officer aboard this hooker. Was you just tryin' to show off—or maybe make a jackass out've me?"

l didn't blame Gilbey. A lanky, graybearded decpwater man, he was prob-



E<mark>here wasn't enough water. That was when Captain Johansen's voice lifted. "Port!"—he shouted—"Hard aport"</mark>

ably shipping out while Steve Hopson was sailing toy boats in a bathtub.

You'd expect a mathematical wizard like Hopson to wear horn-rimmed glasses and stooped shoulders. But he wasn't like that. He was a nice looking, husky guy with a line of gabble I never heard equalled except by those Cinglee sapphire merchants in Colombo. That, and a wide smile he could turn on like a light. He switched it on for Gilbey and said: "You got me wrong, Mister. I was simply double-checking. We can't cross Indian Bay Bar unless the tide's right. Not with our draft."

"You don't have to be so loud about it. Somebody might get the idea you was tryin' to impress the new ownernot to mention his daughter. You ain't the skipper. Not yet, anyhow."

Captain Johansen broke in: "Let us not argue, gentlemen. Aboard ship, everyone, does his best. If Mister Hopson is good at figgers, that is fine. Figgers are important—some times."

"Always," amended Hopson cheer fully. The old man looked at the mate steadily and in those blue eyes you saw something of the martinet he might have been once. "Sometimes," he said slowly, "the sea does not add up, Mister." Then he went into the chartroom.

"I wonder why they call him 'Sidewise?'" I turned and asked Gilbey. "Queer name for a master."

"I wouldn't know." The second

scratched his head. "He's coastwise and I been sailin' deepwater up 'til now. Maybe it's got somethin' to do with sail. They tell me he's been runnin' this coast since windship and sidewheeler days. Give me deepwater. It's safer."

I'd heard tales of the old coastwise skippers like Captain Johansen. They had the reputation for knowing every inch of the bottom from Vancouver to Point Loma, and thought no more of running the treacherous north coast than they would of taking a ferry boat across Frisco Bay.

"Well, I guess it's Snug Harbor for the old man after this voyage," I said, thinking of the mate's super-efficiency. Not only did (*Continued on page 38*)



Five killed. The car was a whiz, the highway well lighted—and the speedometer was stuck at 75 mph

No End to Traffic Deaths?

No national disaster has ever matched the killing, crippling and squandering of our highway violence. How did we get into this mess? When will the slaughter stop?

By MYRON STEARNS

THE OTHER EVENING one of the editors of this magazine was having dinner with his wife when they heard a crash outside the house, some distance away. Their New Jersey home is two short blocks from one of the main highways leading out of New York. Without exchanging a word they both stood up. While his wife got her coat the editor stepped to the telephone.

"Police headquarters," he told the operator. And a moment later, when he

got a reply, he told the desk sergeant:

"There's been another serious accident on Route Four, near Broad Avenue."

"Route Four near Broad?"

"Right."

"We'll send the ambulance and be right over."

It was as simple, and as definite, and as commonplace, as that. Traffic smashups, even fatal smash-ups, are almost every-day occurrences, if you live near a main highway. Within a few minutes the editor and his wife saw a shattered man lifted into the hurriedly-summoned ambulance. His companion was dead.

It was the third serious accident that had occurred within hearing distance of that one dining room within four months. Yet the highway is one of the safest that engineering skill can devise, with wide one-way traffic lanes separated by an almost endless "island." At that particular point there is a slight curve. That is all.

All over the country that unbelievable repetition of death and destruction, in one form or another, during every year of peace as well as war, is being revealed. But nobody sees all the accidents and the word gets around in numbers; so many killed last year, so many injured. Last year the highway dead totalled 33,500, and that number was duly reported shortly after New Year's

Day in most newspapers. But apparently the news didn't hit many folks very hard. Numbers don't look like people, and if next year's report were to list 22,000 or 75.000 dead, nine readers out of ten probably wouldn't know the difference.

Turning the figures of human destruction on the highways into a concept of what they mean in terms of people is quite a task. Last April's Oklahoma tornadoes and Texas City fire and explosion disasters were as nothing in comparison to the national auto casualty toll. We had, in 1946, forty-four million drivers, 33,500 traffic fatalities, a hundred thousand people crippled for life, more than a million injured. The economic loss is estimated at above one and a half billion dollars.

In terms of a single disaster here's how that would be measured up, if it were concentrated, say, in the State of Colorado in one day: Everybody in Colorado Springs killed; one third the population of Denver crippled for life; all the remaining people in the State of Colorado injured, as well as ten thousand people injured in nearby states.

Who is doing all this killing and maiming? Is it "The Other Fellow," the crazy fool who drives while drunk, or who habitually hits 80 mph?

The ordinary driver makes a sad mistake if he thinks he's safe so long as he stays sober and drives less than fifty miles per hour. True, drunks and speeders make a healthy contribution to the total casualty list. Last year 318,000 motorists in the country lost their licenses because of drunken and reckless driving and other failures to comply

with safety laws, according to Otto F. Messner, president of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators. But our highway mess cannot be explained away on any one theory.

An amazing crash occurred some time ago on Long Island. Nine people (four members of a family and five visiting children) all crowded into a five-passenger car. Their home was less than a hundred yards from a railroad track. As the car pulled away the mother of the family waved good-bye from the front porch. Suddenly she saw that the occupants of the car were so engrossed in squeezing nine people into seats for five that as the auto moved away nobody was paying any attention to Death, which loomed up ahead. She screamed warnings at them—utterly unheard. The whole carful crashed almost head-on into the locomotive of an express that had been in full view all the time. Nobody drunk, nobody speeding, all killed.

Last April in New York State three cars were in a minor accident. Two of the drivers stood in the road by their cars discussing their dented fenders while the third car carried a slightly injured woman away for medical care. A fourth car came along, sideswiped the two remaining vehicles and crashed into the two men who were talking in the road, killing both. Nobody drunk, nobody speeding, two killed.

Maybe you have seen some confident, elderly driver holding his pipe in his left hand while he steers, with right hand on the hub of the steering wheel. It is a not uncommon sight. Or maybe you have seen a tourist with a road map spread between his hands across the

steering wheel glancing down at it between glances at the road. A Massachusetts school teacher, after a bad collision, was asked how in the world she came to drive head on into another car like that.

"I haven't the slightest idea," she said. "All I remember is that I was reading a book at the time." Sober, driving slowly, lucky to be alive.

New York bus passengers have even seen drivers looking at the funny papers while they drive.

In Pennsylvania a middle-aged doctor, known as a cautious and conservative driver, came to a stop beside a main highway. Instead of stopping, he went right on across (*Continued on page 32*)



Fantastic modern highways eliminate the deathtraps of our early roads, but they aren't foolproof in themselves





Not many enlisted men

could kid the brass of WW2,

but Jack Paar made a career

of it. The bigger they came

the harder they fell for his gibes

Brass Knocker

By R. WILSON BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY KLIMLEY

A up corporal who wishes he was as important as the first sergeant."

"I don't know whether I would rather have a commission or be a second lieutenant."

"The reason I like to have these heart-to-heart talks with the sailors is that I want the officers to realize that we're all in the same boat, only I'm tired of doing all the rowing."

War was hell for a lot of guys, but war and lines like the above made Jack Paar. Before Pearl Harbor Jack was just a small-time radio announcer and fill-in comic. He had no particular line or style and jumped around so much he eouldn't have had any following even if he had been good. But once in khaki he found the natural setup. His reasoning was simple and sound. He wanted to be a comedian. He saw other comedians crack jokes about rationing, hard-to-get Hylons, OPA and the other standard gags. But soldiers and sailors didn't know about these things-and cared less. All they had were follows just like themselves, military service, homesickness, officers, danger and hardships. The

latter two were no fun and no cause for fun. But jokes about themselves, their service and their officers seemed the natural thing.

It wasn't a new theory to base comedy upon the so-called easte system, but it took Jack Paar to dare do it. He did, and became the toast of the Pacific and all its islands. Today, as a result, he is under a seven year contract to RKO Pictures, a frequent guest star on the radio, and is now readying his own radio program. Says Variety, the showmen's Biblc, he's the most promising young star of the day. And all because he dared to kid the brass.

Jack Paar, now 29 years old, was born in Canton, Ohio, got most of his schooling in Detroit and finished up with three years of high school at Jackson, Michigan. Although not a high school graduate, he once decided to take a fling at college so he could say he was a college man. He went to Western Reserve University, inquired as to the easiest course and, at the suggestion of friends, enrolled in astronomy.

"The first night," he said, "it was interesting. The second night I had something else to do. The third night I forgot to attend. The fourth night I found that astronomy was more than star gazing and so I quit."

When Jack was 18 years old the fam-





ily moved to Indianapolis where his father worked for the Big Four Railroad. There Jack got the radio bug and went to work as an announcer for a local station. As other announcing jobs came to light, each looking better than the other, Jack hopped from town to town—Youngstown, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Buffalo. While in Buffalo his Cleveland draft board wrote him a letter and, after a few months' wait, Jack became an Army private on May 20, 1943.

A few days after he received his Presidential greetings, he found himself in the 28th Special Services and in Washington to m. c. a show for General Somervell and his supply corps. The auditorium was full of the highest ranking officers of the Pentagon. He looked them over, knit his brows, rubbed his chin and ventured: "The only way I see for you people to get the Purple Heart is to get crushed between two desks." General Somervell roared. Paar was on his way to success. Then came this stinger: "It is a pleasure to address the WPPA—the West Point Protective Association."

Throughout the Pacific—on the ships and on the islands—Paar traveled with his Army entertainment unit giving from one to five shows a day to groups as small as a dozen and as large as 8000. Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Eddie Peabody and others traveled the same circuit and gave the routine which, in the U. S., made them big money makers. But Paar was the enlisted men's choice, for he was one of them and talked their language. More than that, he said the things everyone wanted to say, but few had the opportunity or the nerve to say.

"I understand there are absolutely no officers present this evening. Pay no attention to those boys in the fifth row. They happen to be a convention of Air Raid Wardens." The officers in the fifth row would blush and the men would howl. And Paar would be off to a routine of kidding the brass.

Under ordinary circumstances it is a serious offense to insult an officer. But Paar's twisting of a situation to make the difference between a laugh and an insult got him by—except on one occasion.

He was aboard a ship to entertain the crew. The show was to start promptly at a given hour "provided the Commodore had arrived." The hour came and no Commodore. As minutes passed the crew became restless. Paar, to keep the sailors quiet, (Continued on page 29)



Where are the Veterans' Hospitals?

Of 74 new veterans' hospitals authorized in 1944, 68 sites have been chosen, but only three are under construction, and none is finished

By CHARLES HURD and ROBERT B. PITKIN

U NLESS YOU are a veteran who has applied for hospital care you may not know that your country is woefully short of veterans' hospitals. There are thousands and thousands of former service men and women who may be entitled by law to medical care, to whom the promise of the law is not much more than a scrap of parchment offering paper hospitals.

Compared to the need there are so few veterans' hospitals in operation to-day that some of the manpower of the Veterans Administration is being devoted, not to admitting eligible veteran patients to hospitals, but to selecting between them so as to determine which shall get in and which shall not.

The taxpayers are paying scores of paper workers to decide which eligible veterans will not be let into these hospitals

In communities all over the land doctors daily examine veterans and receive modest fees from the VA to help determine medically the need for hospitalization.

Ont in a few cities of the land there are a few foundations and holes in the ground where veterans' hospitals authorized in 1944 may some day stand.

In Iowa and California and a few

more States there are some surplus Army and Navy hospitals standing

empty and boarded up.

All the above is part of a picture of our Veterans Administration hospital program, so hopelessly behind today that it will be more years than anyone can accurately figure before a veteran can be admitted to a veterans hospital simply because he needs hospitalization and is eligible under the law. By that unknown date many of today's eligibles will be well—or dead.

The story of the hospital program for veterans is a discouraging story of five vears wasted that should have been fifteen years well spent. Only in the past few months has the program begun to function as it should have years ago. Now, too late to turn back the lost years. Surgeon General Paul R. Hawley, of the Veterans Administration, with the assistance of the Army Corps of Engineers and the American Institute of Architects, is trying to make up some of the time that is gone forever. In that job he and his subordinates are working closely with the Rehabilitation Division of The American Legion—but they are running a race the best part of which was lost before it began.

The story is this:

Long before World War II the Legion asked that new hospital construction for veterans be started. In May, 1940, the President approved a ten-year construction program which had as its goal 100,000 beds by 1948.



A total disability NP case who commutes 47 miles for clinical treatment. A new NP hospital has just been started near his home, and may be ready in two years

The Legion estimated, on the basis of the old ratio of one bed per forty veterans that over 250,000 beds would be needed by 1948. The administration shortly thereafter published its estimate of eventually needing 300,000 beds for eligible veterans by 1975.

Congress acted in 1943 and 1944 when it authorized money for 74 new veterans' hospitals. It also passed a law in 1943 giving World War II veterans the privilege of hospitalization for non-

service-connected disabilities if unable to pay for same, on the fair theory that a man who offered his life for his country should never languish in illness in peace-time for reasons of private want.

That action in 1943 caught the VA flat-footed. General Hines, the then VA Administrator, had apparently assumed that, as in the case of World War I veterans, World War II veterans would wait five years after the war for the right of hospitalization where the disability was not service-connected.

As you will see, Act of Congress or no Act of Congress, that's about how it's working out anyway.

But the real joker was in waiting until 1944 to authorize an enlarged hospital construction program. In spite of fine paper priorities, the prosecution of the war came first. It had to. Men and materials were not available for other purposes. If war comes again next year or a hundred years from now, the present mess will repeat itself—unless the public, and through it the Congress, comes to realize that planning for veterans' care is part of any peacetime national defense program.

By March of this year, three years after Congress allocated funds for the construction of 74 new hospitals, 68 sites had been chosen, specific planning was under way for about 59, contracts had been awarded for only eight and actual construction had started on only two or three of these. None of them is completed today. (Continued on page 48)



Nobody knows how many veterans are treating themselves at home or going totally without the care they need



Thousands on thousands who may be entitled to veterans' care are lining up at the free clinics of private hospitals



Construction of the 24 houses started last November, with May 15th set as the completion date. Only 150 man hours of labor

were required to frame-in the house, install outside trim, roof and windows. This speed was made possible by pre-cut materials

Three Answers to the Housing Question



Allan E. Gifford, left, selects his type house. Aiding him is Alfred D. Cole, an official of the company building the houses and vice chairman of the Housing Committee of Bay State Department

By JOSEPH C. KEELEY

PHOTOS BY RUSSELL C. AIKINS

TWENTY-FOUR members of Milton Post of The American Legion organized to get their own housing. Each put \$1000 into a non-profit corporation. From the Town of Milton, Massachusetts, they obtained tax title property which they divided into lots of about 10,000 square feet. The lots cost each veteran \$80 plus \$550 improvement costs.

Next they retained a contractor, also a Legionnaire, to build their houses. He received a flat fee of \$500 a house, plus the actual cost of materials and labor. Savings accrued to the veterans. Finished houses came to about \$7200, representing a saving of from 10 to 15 per cent. Economies were effected by use of a basic plan for all houses, purchase of materials in quantity and the use of pre-cut and packaged materials to simplify and speed construction.

Architectural monotony was avoided by a choice of five variations on the basic plan. The basic design provides a floor plan of 24 by 30 feet, with living room, kitchen, two bedrooms and bath on the first floor, and a stair well leading to the second floor which can be finished later. Carrying charges on each house amount to less than \$50 a month.



To get a start in working out your own community's housing problem, see page 51



A striking example of pre-cut construction is this use of panels, 30 by 48 inches, for roof and sides. The Milton project was speeded by use of 7500 such panels bought assembled, ready for nailing



Bud Cruckshank, who served with the Third Army, and wife Betty study the "makings" of their home. The bundles are hardwood flooring, cut to size with the finish applied, ready for waxing



Ex-Marine Fred Heyl, his wife and children gather 'round their hearthside-to-be. All houses have fireplaces in addition to oil heat



The Heyls make an inspection tour, find assembled window frames ready to go in, partitions up and aluminum foil insulation in place



Bob Murphy, chairman of the Milton Veterans Committee, and his wife check the details of their modern, streamlined kitchen



A few more hours' work and this house will be ready for occupancy. Note in foreground the foundation, poured in metal forms



Planning their campaign at Shaw-Sinon Post No. 73 are members of the Housing Committee. Left to right are J. J. McGlynn, W. H.

Curtis, Daniel W. Lanouette, William F. Curran, Edward P. Gannon, Philip Wardle, Warren L. Mottram and George O. Wilcox



George O. Wilcox, architect member of Honsing Committee, shows Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Canning how the attic of the house

they are sharing with Mrs. Canning's parents can be converted into a roomy apartment to take the place of their present rooms

The problem was to find living accommodations for about fifty veterans in Wallingford, Connecticut, a town of about 15,000 population. A committee, made up of civic leaders and representatives of the Legion and other veterans' organizations, was formed last January to ask citizens to rent rooms to ex-GI's or convert unused portions of their homes into small apartments for occupancy by veterans. Shaw-Sinon Post No. 73 took a leading role in this project, using a plan which had been employed previously at Port Washington, Long Island.

To acquaint home-owners with the need for living quarters and to enlist the support of the community, the committee used newspaper advertising and window display cards, arranged public meetings and canvassed individuals by telephone and door-to-door solicitation. Available rooms were listed and veterans directed to them. When a home owner expressed interest in remodeling his residence, the services of an architect were made available at no charge to him, to draw up plans showing how the job could be done, and its approximate cost.

High building costs cooled the enthusiasm of most home owners who expressed an interest in converting homes, though a few apartments were obtained in this way. However, about 40 rooms were located, which took care of the veterans. New construction is needed, but the immediate situation is such that veterans are now able to shop around and pick the rooms they like best

they like best.



Raymond F. Wooding, ex-Army, and Eleanor Riggott, who are being married, start moving their belongings into an apartment being built for them on the second floor of a house owned by William F. Stevens. The couple had been house-hunting for a year



The Cannings, at right, study plans prepared by architect Wilcox. Legionnaire Dan Lanouette, chairman of the Committee, is at left



One of many veterans for whom rooms were found was Howard E. Hunt, former Ranger, shown with landlord, Rev. E. M. Conway



The Fernwood Park project consists of 38 buildings like the two shown here. Each building has four apartments of four rooms

each which rent for \$48. Features include play areas, laundry facilities, refrigeration, gas heat, garages available at \$5 extra

In ROCHESTER, New York, the banks stepped in to provide rental housing for veterans, using private capital. Eight banks formed a non-profit company to build the homes, hold the title and issue a mortgage at low interest. The City of Rochester provided the land without cost, at a lowered assessment, with street improvements in. Construction was financed through an F.H.A. insured mortgage. Mortgages will be amortized from rental over a 32-year period. When the homes are paid off the property will be sold by the city to a private operator.

The idea was conceived in January, 1946. Contracts were let in May and ground was broken the following month. By last March half the 152 families were housed and the schedule called for the remainder to be in before June 1st. Two of the reasons for this speed and efficiency were that the contractor was paid his fee monthly for ten months, no longer, and he received a bonus on all savings effected in construction. The end result was a development built at \$1650 a room, including landscaping.

Each apartment has the same floor plan, providing a spacious living room, 12½ by 16½ feet, two bedrooms, bath, and kitchen with gas stove, electric refrigerator, garbage disposal unit. Each apartment has individual gas heating and a private entrance. Rent is \$48 a month, exclusive of heating costs. Since only 30 percent of Fernwood's ten acres is occupied by buildings, there is ample room for landscaping and play areas.



A year and a half ago Fernwood Park looked like this. Elmer B. Milliman, president of the Central Trust Company, who spear-

headed the drive for this housing, is shown at left describing his plans to Louis B. Cartwright, City Manager of Rochester



Bank officials Charles W. Marshall and Elmer B. Milliman plan Fernwood with Architect C. Storrs Barrows, center, a Legionnaire



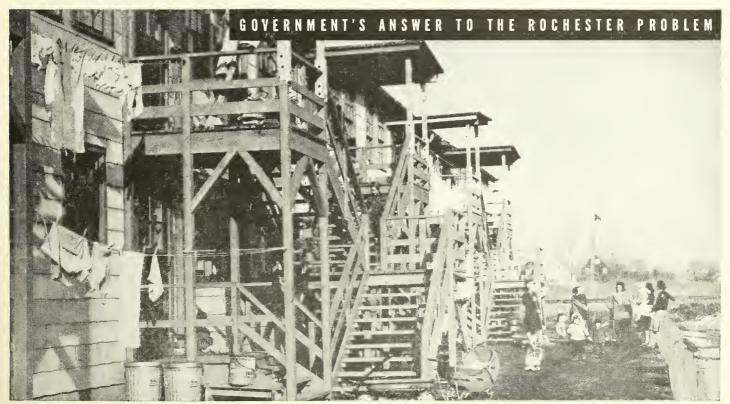
Excellent construction is evident throughout. Note the insulation, which helps keep the cost of heating an apartment to \$65 a year



Veterans' wives take pride in decorating their homes. Shown here are Mrs. Robert Graham, and her neighbor Mrs. Norman Wood



This handy gadget, an electric garbage disposal unit, makes for cleaner premises and fewer visits from the garbage collectors



Also in Rochester is this State Housing Project. Work in assembling units was begun in April 1946, two months before ground was broken for Fernwood. Last March, 72 families were living

here—the same number as at Fernwood. There are one, two, three and four-room apartments. A two-room apartment here rents for \$36 a month, heat included. About 200 families will live here



Meet the human birds.

They ride the air currents for fun and explore the storm cloud for science. A sailplaner for 20 years, Alexis Dawydoff describes the sport of the Air Age

By ALEXIS DAWYDOFF as told to ROGER PETTIT

BELONG to a small but growing group of sportsmen whom you may call sail-planers, soarers or gliders. We go flying around in the summer skies in airplanes without motors, having learned what the soaring birds knew long ago—that there are updrafts in the air (we call them thermals) which you can ride, if you can find 'em. It's not gliding in the sense of military transport gliders, which simply slide downhill when cut loose from their tow planes. We soar in the sense of the eagle's flight.

I started gliding back in 1929, when J. C. Penny, Jr., imported five gliders and three German glider pilots into this country. One of the imported pilots talked me into a flight at Corn Hill, Cape Cod.

In the beginning I didn't think much of motorless flight, for then I was flying regular planes and the idea of finding myself aloft without a power unit didn't appeal to me.

My friend launched me on his crude craft by use of a rubber shock cord. It sent me skimming off a Cape Cod dune not much more than 100 feet high. That flight didn't last over 45 seconds.

In that old, open-framed crate I sat on a square plank glued to a narrow keel, fully exposed to the rush of air. and I felt like a witch riding a broomstick to the Valpurgian Feast. Sitting out in the open like that the sense of altitude was greatly exaggerated—ten feet appeared to be fifty. My first hop seared me so that I just sat in the glider without moving the controls, and because of that I made the best landing of my career.

Seared as I was, after I landed it was like getting off a roller coaster. Now that it was over I wanted to try it again. That was 1929, and I'm still in the game, which has come a long way since then. A long, long way.

Today, in motorless craft of modern design, but still riding only the wind and the air currents, sailplaners are able to guide, steer and maneuver their 800 lb. planes to heights of four miles above the point of release. fly distances of 465 miles, and stay aloft over fifty hours. Today, as you will see, sailplaners dare rush in where eagles fear to soar. They did it last summer in Project Thunderstorm.

On that occasion the U.S. Weather Bureau requested the help of amateur sailplaners of the Soaring Society of America to help them explore the guts of electrical disturbances. The Bureau was sending aircraft into thunderstorms to report what went on in there. They used power planes to good advantage. but of course they zipped right through the storms and came out the other side. It took the little sailplanes to float gingerly into the black vortex of nature's most ominous and violent weather display short of a tornado, and stay there, and live with the storm, and come out with experience and data no powered plane could ever get. The little, butterflylike ships with their low flying speeds and great maneuverability rode into the narrow cores of thunderheads freighted with sealed instruments while the pilots

kept up a running commentary via radio.

Most of the thunderstorm flights were made by Paul Tuntland at Orlando, Florida. Tuntland is a soaring pilot of long experience who flew during the war with the Air Transport Command. He came out of Project Thunderstorm alive, by the skin of his teeth. During one of his flights Paul brought back not only a jackpot of priceless scientific information, but a new, unintentional American altitude soaring record of 22,500 feet, over (Continued on page 45)

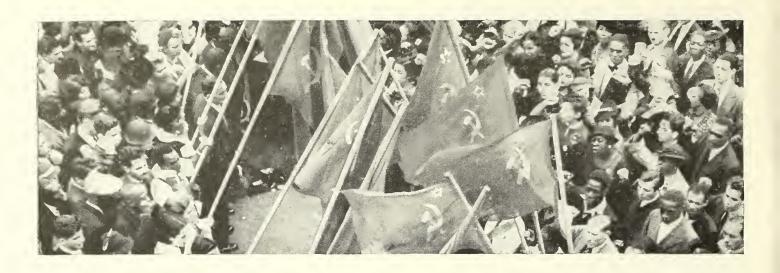


Dawydoff and Ginny Bennis shared the Kirby Kite at Elmira contest. Here they polish wings to improve airflow. Ginny, wife of Dawydoff's soaring school partner, holds U.S. women's distance record



Soarers hope to break foreign sailplane records in simmering heat over Texas plains in this year's national meet. Previously

contest was held at Harris Hill, Elmira, N. Y., above. Note second-hand jeep in right foreground used for towing sailplanes aloft



Our Fight Against Communism

By PAUL H. GRIFFITH

National Commander, The American Legion

The American Legion has been a firm advocate of the American political, economic and social system and a leader in opposing the introduction of foreign schemes to supplant the American system of liberty and justice. Members of the Legion may be proud of that record, but we cannot rest on complacent contemplation of the past. Neither can the United States rest upon past performance nor relax its eternal vigilance. Self-government requires daily attention by the people who wish to continue to govern themselves.

The United States won its liberty from the tyranny of kings. Very soon after that victory it had to reject alliance with the tyranny of the guillotine, which ruled France for a short period through mass executions. As time moved forward we took our stand against European control of any part of the western hemisphere. Still later in the First World War we again fought the tyranny of monarchism attempted by Germany and Austria-Hungary under Kaiser and Emperor. More recently we fought and defeated the tyranny of the Nazi forces in Germany and the fascist forces in Italy and their imitative dictatorship in Japan. Today the most potent tyranny at large in the world is communism, another form of dictatorship, aggression and the defeat of human rights and human freedom.

For years the Legion has opposed communism, as it has opposed fascism and 23 nazism. That fight we must carry on vigorously. We have two implements for this purpose, education and suppression. The first we may use without limit. The second we must use within the strict limits of law. Our very system of human rights permits an American citizen to believe any fool thing he chooses to believe, and permits him to preach and practice any belief which does not seek to destroy our Government by force and violence. The Legion has never advocated opposing communism by the blood purges which communism has used to oppose democracy. Americans do not need to use the firing squad and the concentration camp to defeat their political, social and economic encmies. They do have need to keep these cuemies out of its Government service, out of leadership in its schools, its churches, its labor unions and other places of teaching and trust.

OUR seven-point program for outlawing the Communist Party, and its fellow travelers, by legal process, is sound and necessary protection for the United States; our broader program of continuing education in Americanism is even more important. This free republic is a capitalist state affording the maximum opportunity for wholesome, happy human life ever afforded by any political and social order in the history of the world. Because our system is not perfect, the agitators for foreign ideologies spend their time emphasizing what is wrong with it,

and preaching violent change as the remedy. We who prefer Americanism to communism need to continuously teach the whole truth, continuously use the freedoms we have to improve our American system, correct its errors, and avoid destruction of its basic rights and principles by those who would use our liberties in order to destroy them.

We have a Constitution which secures our human rights and a system of selfgovernment and law which enables us to direct our social order as we ourselves choose. Because everything does not suit us we have no occasion to destroy the very system by which the imperfections can be changed, by peaceful and orderly process. The remedy for what is not perfect in American life does not lie in dictatorship. The advance of American civilization will not be secured by adopting old European tyrannies or Asiatic barbarities, under whatever name. Advancement must and can be had by evolution, not by revolution. We must not exchange liberty for tyranny, the freedom of man for the dictatorship of the state.

The Americanism program of The American Legion is one of education in the whole truth of social order among human beings. We who have fought for the United States in one or more wars against tyranny and the enslavement of mankind are not going to sell our birthright for a mess of dictatorship. We are going to teach and preach and practice Americanism.

BRASS KNOCKER

Continued from page 17

took the mike and did a little ad-libbing. Said he: "We planned to have six girls here tonight to do the Dance of the Virgins but they were out with the ship's officers last night and are no longer eligible." As Paar, said that, the Commodore walked in with a girl on his arm. The crew howled. The Commodore took it as a personal insult. Paar was forthwith locked up.

The usual thing happened—the Army asked the Navy for his custody and promised to take suitable action. The Commodore was reluctant. The Army captain who headed Paar's unit, and who had a bit of gall himself, reminded the Commodore that Paar was a good soldier and that there was no question of his having performed his soldier duties according to the book-that it was merely a question of good or bad taste in a side remark aimed at entertaining men. He further reminded the Commodore that if the Navy wanted Paar it should work through channels and not just help themselves to the man and lock him up. Furthermore, said the captain, "unless you do release him, I'll write to my friend, Senator Glass, and tell him just how some brass put personal pride ahead of duties.1

The Commodore finally released Paar with the understanding that the Army would take some action which would enable the Commodore to save face. The Army's answer to that was to get Paar out of the way-to transfer him to the front lines. But the transfer never came about. Months later, when working in the office, he found the answer. Across his record a doctor friend had written "Emotionally unstable, Class 4. Limited service only.' "They must have thought," he says now. "that anyone who would do what I did



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was emotionally unstable."

But he was censored for a while. He was forbidden ever to mention the affair of the Commodore. The grapevine, however, made the story available to all soldiers and sailors and Paar became, thanks to the Commodore, the martyr of all enlisted men. Although he couldn't mention the matter, his quick mind found other ways to capitalize on the affair. On his first appearance after his release he strolled out on the stage with hands in pocket. "I had some difficulty getting here tonight," he said as he withdrew a hand from a pocket to show a handcuff dangling from his wrist.

Paar realizes that military service must have rank, but he thinks an officer should always be willing to do anything he'd ask an enlisted man to do and not to expect privileges which are denied to enlisted men. 'I suppose I shouldn't talk about officers so much. Some try, a few are sincere and-what the hell-there are a few who know what they're doing." Whether they did know or didn't, there were privileges which irritated the men. Paar didn't want to act as their spokesman to right wrongs. He only wanted to capitalize on their gripes and groans to give them a laugh. Sometimes, however, his lines had good results. On a troop transport enroute to Guadalcanal, the food was bad . . . only two meals a day for over 40 days . . . crowded . . . wet. One day a Jap submarine took a shot at them. That night, with mike in hand, Paar said, "Your attention, please. The Captain has asked me to tell you that there was a Jap submarine after us this afternoon. Unfortunately the Navy gunners drove the sub off-unfortunately because that sub was trying to bring us food." After that the food was better.

On another occasion, when three girls of the USO joined the troupe, the officers

would line up outside the dressing rooms trying to get dates. Paar, from the stage, said, "I don't mind you officers coming back to see the girls. I don't even mind you rushing back. But would you kindly refrain from tripping the enlisted men?" From then on the officers kept their dis-

Seldom is there a time and place for shows in the front lines. Thus Paar always seemed to be in nice safe places behind the lines. Writing to his mother in Indianapolis, he told her: "If we were any farther back we would be bombed by the Nazis. The only battle star I got was for being booed at Bougainville." He'd use this situation for more gags. Once he looked directly at the Commanding Officer and said, "I understand the Colonel shaves with a straight razor. He likes to live dangerously."

Like Bill Mauldin, Jack Paar saw the things close to the hearts of fighting men. Bill got a Pulitzer Prize. Jack got radio and motion picture contracts. He will bear watching as new stars grow in the entertainment field.

Today Jack lives in a little pink house with white shutters, decorated in typical Hollywood style, within walking distance of Hollywood's center of showmanship activity-Hollywood and Vine. Aided by his pretty young wife, his radio, his record player and his typewriter, he is busy catching up on what's going on in the entertainment field, and pounding out his ideas on what he considers to be a new type of comedy program.

Ironically, Jack can thank the brass for Mrs. Paar. Jack's first commanding officer was Captain Samuel Carter who, in civilian life, was the southern area salesman for the Hershey Chocolate Co. The candy company gave a dinner for Carter and his boys when they were stationed at nearby Indiantown Gap. Pennsylvania. After dinner the boys put on a show with Jack as master of ceremonies. Miriam Hershey Wagner, niece of the founder of the chocolate empire, liked the show and Jack. Three months later they were married, and four months after that Jack was on his way to the Pacific. He was mustered out as a sergeant on February 26, 1946.

Fired with all the enthusiasm of young talent and with a following of millions of ex-GIs, he can't help but score. But it must be in his own way. As soon as he was out of uniform the Camel cigarette people put him under contract for their radio program. But after three shows he asked to bow out. They were fine people, he says, but "I couldn't mention this and I couldn't mention that and I woke up to find that there was so little left that I could kid that I had no script. I'm of the Fred Allen type—dependent upon situations. And I must have some freedom to develop situations into good clean comedy."





More than a Comeback

BY ROBERT R. RICHARDS

Tony Ross, Jr., a 22-year-old, cherub-faced boxer from Detroit played a dirty trick on heavyweight challenger Joey Maxim of Cleveland early last year. Maxim hired Ross as a sparring partner, but when they squared off in George Williams' gym in Detroit Tony Ross started fighting, not sparring.

From the opening gong Ross swarmed all over Maxim, forcing his opponent to back-pedal and cover up repeatedly. Habitues of the gym are still talking about the impromptu Ross-Maxim battle. There was no knockout, no decision—but both men fought the kind of fight that is usually reserved for paying customers.

We had better forgive Ross, because for Tony it was the end of a long trail,

perhaps the one and only chance to prove that he could still fight. And by proving it wrote an epic in the annals of gameness, for when he forced the fight at close quarters, preventing too much hopping around, Ross demonstrated that his artificial left leg could be used as an anchoring heel for a two-fisted attack in the ring instead of a dead-weight handicap.

Pvt. Tony Ross, Jr. is an inspiring example of a maimed war veteran who was determined not to slump into defeat. When he joined the Army he was already established as a better than average boxer. He dreamed of reaching the top of the fight game until, on a black and furious night outside of Aachen, a Nazi land mine ripped his left leg off

from the calf down. And what then?

The hidden quality which is seen again and again in "disabled" veterans, the determination never to be licked, revealed itself in Tony Ross. The idea of being the world's only one-legged prize-fighter was born at Percy Jones Hospital, at Battle Creek, Michigan. "I'd been pretty discouraged," Tony said. "I figured the rehabilitation program was all right for guys who didn't need a perfect body to make a living. Then, at Percy Jones, I really sat up in bed when I saw amputees play basketball."

Shortly after learning to walk at a brisk pace on his artificial leg Tony tried shadow boxing. "My Dad, Tony Ross, Sr., was a fighter himself. When he watehed me shadow box, hopping and skipping on that hunk of aluminum, he thought it was as natural as my hair. Even so he figured I was still a cripple.

"Finally Dad let me work out with one of his pro boxers in a neighborhood gym. Just the old, familiar smell of the place told me I had to make a go of it. It was my life. Dad chewed his cigar nervously and ordered Frankie Graham to give me the works for my own good. The plan backfired. I used the bum leg as a lever, and I hit harder then than I had before the war. That won me Dad's permission to go ahead, though he was tied up with his own stable. So I got a boyhood pal, Jimmy Slavin, as my manager.

"But the commission refused me a regular boxer's license and said I could only fight exhibitions.

"Promoters turned us down all over the country until another G I amputee, Pete Montesi, who was promoting shows in Hartford, gave me a break."

Ninety days after his hospital discharge Tony Ross, Jr., thrilled Hartford fans by turning in a rousing "exhibition" fight against heavyweight Ray Ransom, of Florida. The next morning Hartford sports writers said the Ross-Ransom exhibition was the most exciting fight on Montesi's program.

After that offers poured in from all over the country. Tony boxed in one exhibition after another.

"The biggest kick I got was the exhibition I gave for the boys at Percy Jones Hospital. There were fellows there who remembered the day I first tried to walk. It did them a lot of good to see me boxing again.

"Now my ambition," says Tony, "is to fight as a full-fledged heavyweight again with a professional license."

THE END



NO END TO TRAFFIC DEATHS?

Continued from page 15

the highway, into a plank-and-barrel barricade that blocked off the road he was on beyond the main highway, and killed a workman by crushing him against the barrel.

Why? Probably he was thinking of some patient he had just left, instead of realizing that driving a car might also, at any moment, become a matter of life and death.

In Ohio, three mourners driving to attend the funeral of a friend killed at a grade crossing were so engrossed in looking to see just where and how the accident had occurred that their car was caught by the very same train that had killed their friend and two of them followed him into the hereafter at once.

In a southern state, a farmer, perhaps half asleep, drove into the thirty-fourth car of a slow moving freight train at night, and was knocked unconscious. When he came to, his first words were: "Why didn't he blow his whistle?"

Some people think bad spots on the highways cause most of the trouble. So some of them do. But wherever traffic is heavy, and often where it isn't, on good roads or bad, the blood flows every year.

On the 27-mile stretch of U. S. Route 1 between Washington and Baltimore there have been in some years more than 400 bad smash-ups—more than one a day—with dozens of men, women, and children injured and one or more killed *for every mile*. Other main-traveled sections are just as bad, and even in open country you can find plenty of telegraph poles with human hair sticking to them.

Every year there are more than 10,000.000 minor crashes, and if you can get through the next three years without at least a reportable accident, drunk or sober, you're better than the average driver. Or

maybe just luckier.

How did we ever manage to get ourselves into such a mess, and how is it possible for us, now that we are in it, to regard it with such complacent indifference?

For an answer we have to go away back into the horse and buggy days, when every man, mule and jackass had a God-given right to use the highways, when run-aways were fairly infrequent and rarely fatal, and when one of the names proposed for the new-fangled, stinking, self-propelling gaseline wagons was "Auto-go."

In 1900, 4192 automobiles—all passenger cars; no trucks—were produced, and anyone with money enough to buy one was allowed to drive it, as a matter of course. If it killed him, that was his own business; it was as unlikely in those days, that anyone else would be hit by a car as it is today that an airplane may plunge through your roof.

By 1905 the production of cars had jumped to 24,500, and for the first time trucks were also turned out: 450 of them. It was not until nearly 1910, when there were about half a million American automobiles in existence (181,000 were produced that year), that anyone even bothered to have owners register their cars. Then, largely because one rich motorist killed a couple of men in two separate accidents, Rhode Island started the annoying custom of registering cars. But the drivers still didn't need any licenses. Our modern monster was just a cute pup who wouldn't hurt anyone. Why tie him up?

After World War I things were different. In 1919 American manufacturers turned out more than one and a half million cars, and cars killed 7968 people. Connecticut and a handful of other states actually began licensing drivers, so that they could keep a little better track of them. In

eight years automobile "fatals" had quadrupled—from 2.2 per 100,000 population to 9.4. This thing was getting serious!

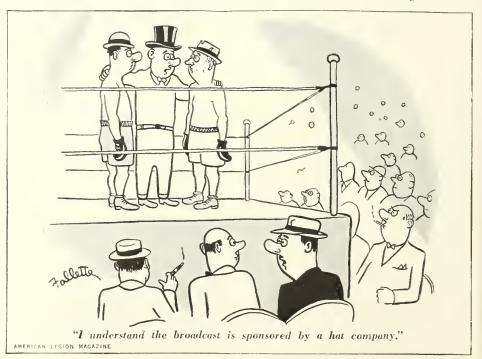
Now, during all this time the sales departments of the different auto producers had made the same rather natural mistake that airplane manufacturers are repeating today. In their desire to sell more cars they stressed the safety features of the machines they were turning out (how easy they were to drive, how nearly "fool proof," how excellent the brakes were.) But they said nothing about the hazards of driving. And, as with airplanes today, because the cars in themselves were so nearly "fool proof," every fool thought he could operate one, and too many of them did. And still do.

Our inheritance, from this folly, is that everyone still thinks he can drive a car, and has a right to do it. And those who do drive are mostly quite sure that they drive well—or at least well enough.

As consciousness of the growing highway hazard increased, one civic organization after another began to be worried about it. In 1924 Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, called a National Conference on Street and Highway Safety. There have been seven similar get-togethers since, the last of which was President Truman's Highway Safety Conference. Meanwhile traffic fatalities had climbed to 17,571 in 1925, and 29,080 in 1930. Deaths in 1935 were 34,183.

In October of that year the Reader's Digest published a shocker called "—And Sudden Death." and front-page editorials in the Detroit Daily News called on the automobile industry to "Stop this Slaughter."

From 9.4 deaths per 100,000 in 1919, the figure had climbed to 26.8 in 1935. Each year, with more drivers driving more cars



more and more miles, there were more and more accidents.

Cooperating with other agencies, automobile manufacturers, parts manufacturers, tire manufacturers and finance companies set up an Automotive Safety Foundation to emphasize safety, and to help—with grants of money and staff assistance—various civic organizations and highway officials to promote safety through improved techniques and public information.

Since that time, while traffic accidents have made new records (the top was in 1941, with almost 40.000 "fatals") the rate per mile has come down. There were more than sixteen deaths in 1935 for each hundred million miles of driving; last year there were only nine and a fraction for the same distance.

The gains have been made in three divisions which, in traffic-expert shoptalk, are called "The Three E's": Engineering, Enforcement, and Education.

Engineering deals with cars and highways. With cars, improvements making for more and more safety have been outstanding. We have better and better headlights. with better ways of deflecting the upper beams. The life of tires has been increased by thousands of miles. Shatter-proof glass has taken the place of glass that formerly speared thousands of accident-victims with thin daggers. Hydraulic brakes on all four wheels permit abrupt emergency stops. Lowered centers of gravity make cars hold the road better. Infinitely improved steering systems, wide visibility, elimination of noise and vibration to cut down driver fatigue, are all important. Steel tops give protection even when cars roll over.

Of six young drivers comparing notes on steel tops recently, four had themselves been in roll-overs, with no more damage than cuts and bruises. Our Junior Leaguer had been in three: twice without a scratch, and "only a broken arm" in the third.

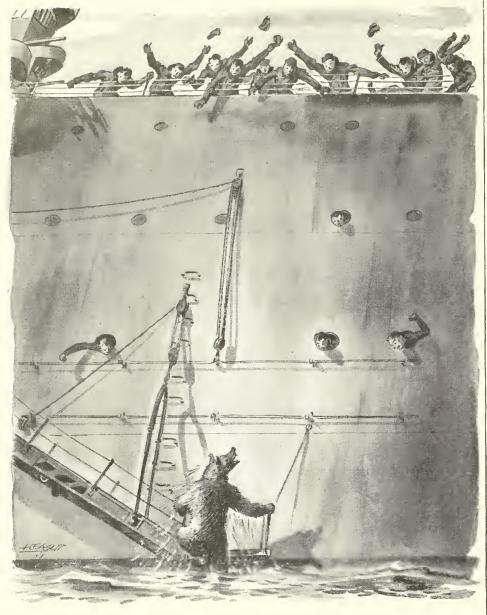
Besides these obvious advances in safety, there have been invisible but even more important gains in *dependable performance*: front axles that don't break, improved oil-

> WAY BACK before the atomic age life was very simple. Take auto licenses. Everybody tried to get as low a number as possible. No. 1, if possible, and that's all there was to it.

> But in Hanford, Wash., where there is an atomic energy plant, Lt. Col. Frederick Clarke, officer in charge, requested and got license plate P-239. That's because plutonium 239 is one of the fissionable materials. And Lt. Col. Harry E. Skinner, the production chief, has license plate U-238, symbol of the uranium isatope.

-By Harold Helfer





Bobo's Reconnaissance

By Bruce Galbraith

THE ship was one of the older units of the Navy, and only the war had enabled her to cheat the scrap dealers. As it was, the summer of 1943 found her at anchor in an Alaskan harbor, pressed into service as a supply ship.

The ship mascot was a healthy young bear that some of the crew had acquired as a cub a few months carlier; and as bears will, Dobo had grown with surprising rapidity into a very imposing specimen.

His chief delight was to clamber halfway down the ship's ladder, then release his hold and make a terrific belly-whopper plunge into the sea. After this he'd swim around until he got tired, then mount the ladder and come aboard for a sun bath on the foredeck.

One afternoon, instead of swimming in his usual aimless circles, Bobo made a bee-line for a cruiser that had come to anchor during the night, and as we watched he could be seen scrambling clumsily up her ladder.

The leather collar and dog-tag that he wore saved Bobo from destruction at the hands of the startled guard. A boat from our ship was hastily despatched to retrieve the truant.

A little while later a signalman on the cruiser "blinked" the message, "Your bear has just visited us, and says he came to find out what a clean, modern ship looked

Despite the consternation Bobo's visit must have caused them, this insult could not be overlooked. A few minutes later we flashed hack the reply, "Our bear has returned and reports his search was unsuccessful."

filters, motors with miraculous pick-up, lighter alloys that permit strengthening of parts most subject to wear, without increase of weight. During its manufacture your smooth-running coupé received more than 2000 separate inspections—around a hundred on the steering-mechanism alone.

Highway engineering has also made tremendous advances: Smoother road-surfaces, easier grades, more gradual curves, better visibilities, divided express-ways for main arteries, more easily read warning signs, better pavement markings. More than a thousand miles of a great Interstate system of 40,000 miles of super-highways, to cost from \$100,000 to \$700,000 a mile in the country and millions of dollars per mile in cities, is already completed.

ENFORCEMENT—a second "E"—starts with legislation. It includes motor-cops and ends up in traffic courts.

Today, for example, buying a car is no longer as simple as buying a refrigerator or a mowing-machine. The government steps in. It requires:

A certificate of title. Registration of the car.

Payment of tax for a license-plate.

And for its use, a driver's license that shows you have at least a rudimentary knowledge of how to operate the thing and can give lip service to the traffic laws.

After that there are police to pinch you for disregarding regulations, traffic judges who can fine you to back them up, and possibly such details as periodic car inspections, say twice a year.

Enforcement also takes in such matters as how much attention you pay to red-green-and-yellow traffic lights, stop signs and other warnings. The fact that 34 percent of the fatal accidents in Washington. D. C., last year, involved out-of-town drivers shows the importance of our having—as we do not yet have them, after 21 years of effort—uniform traffic laws and regulations.

You can get an idea of how far Enforcement still has to go from the fact that in South Dakota there isn't even yet any driving license law. Anyone over 16 can drive a car.

EDUCATION is the widest "E" of all. Many agencies labor at it. But education is the most difficult area of traffic safety in which to get results and the one in which there is today most room for accomplishment.

Education lags pitifully behind Engineering and Enforcement. Hardest of all auto-afety tasks is the gaining of a foothold on the minds of drivers and pedestrians. Unwillingness to learn, to apply the easily-read lesson of accident news personally, is what makes potential highway murderers of us all. It's not that we can't avoid accidents. We just won't. And that is easily proved by some of the brighter spots on the record.

Corporations owning fleets of buses and



trucks can make their drivers learn safety, can make them submit to tests, can make them learn their own weaknesses. A southern bus company put on a safety program and cut its accident costs to less than a quarter of what they were a year and a half ago.

One nation-wide corporation, operating nearly 7,000 trucks, has tested all its drivers to measure their individual frailties as highway pilots, and when it made the results of the tests known to each driver the fleet's accident rate was reduced nearly 30 percent!

When you consider that these drivers were already professionals, and when you further consider that some of their remaining accidents must be caused by other drivers, it would seem that if all autoists were to submit to the same treatment Highway Utopia might be near at hand.

In teaching truck drivers how to avoid three-quarters or more of the accidents they would otherwise have, safety instructors begin with a series of physical tests: strength of grip, muscular steadiness, reaction time, depth perception, width of vision, night vision, how much the eyes are blinded by glare, their time of recovery from glare, and whether they "pull" to the right or left.

These tests in themselves make drivers aware of the previously unrealized imperfections of the human machine. Few people know, for instance, that ordinarily their eyes pull to the right or left so that in driving they unconsciously draw toward the side of the road, or, if the pull is left, toward the center of it where they are intermittently in danger, particularly at night, of being side-swiped by some other eyes-pulled-to-the-left driver. Some find they have "tunnel" or narrow vision, and are less likely than others to notice a child dashing into the street from the sidewalk, or perhaps even a car coming down a side road in wooded or rolling country.

Next, truckers are given a card with their "score" on it: Imperfections of the right eye, of the left eye, reaction time, and so on. There may also be a chart showing "simple reaction time," "breaking distance," and so on. From it a driver learns that, if his reaction time is about the average three-quarters of a second, even at twenty miles an hour his truck will travel 22 feet before he can even get his foot on the brake after he wants to, and that then it will go thirty feet farther before the brakes can bring it to a stop-total distance, 52 feet. At 45 miles an hour that same "reaction time" allows the car to go 49 feet before the brake can be applied. and approximately 152 feet farther before the brakes can stop it: total stopping distance, even at 45 miles an hour, more than 200 feet.

With the results of the tests and their consequences before him, each driver is instructed in a lot of safety points that he may or may not have been previously acquainted with: to get his foot on the brake, or ready to shift it instantly, every time he comes over the top of a hill or around a blind curve; never to follow other cars or trucks closely; never to make a quick swerve in traffic; always to "drive ahead of the car;" where to look for emergency danger points, and so on and on.

Experts can avoid four accidents out of five by learning to become even more expert. That is being proved over and over again.

But how do you and I stack up against these truck drivers? What account do we take of the tremendous hazards inevitably involved in handling a ton and a half or more of moving metal on public highways thronged by other human beings and other masses of moving metal at speeds of from two or four up to sixty or eighty miles an hour?

Well, in California the body of a man hurled from a speeding car broke an eight-by-eight inch warning post in two. On the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut, State troopers found the body of a driver on top of a 20 foot bank, about thirty five feet beyond the wreck of his car. An Illinois youngster, trying out the secondhand roadster an aunt had given him, went off the road at a curve, struck a telegraph pole, went through the roof of his car, hit the top of his head squarely against the pole and was found with his skull driven clear into his pelvis. A tourist in Canada, striking a farm wagon, was so completely skewered on the wagon tongue that it had to be pulled out of him before his body could be removed from behind his smashed steering-wheel.

There you have a little bit of it. Engineering and Enforcement have pushed forward year after year, and mighty efforts have been made in Education, so that safety experts have helped us lower the 16.4 death-rate-per-so-many-miles to 9.7, the lowest since highway records have been kept.

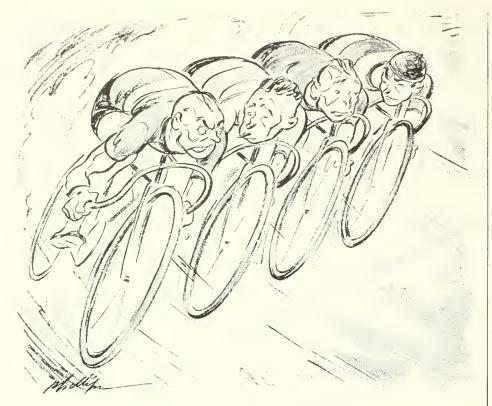
And we're still killing 33,500 people a year, still crippling 100,000, still injuring more than a million, still throwing away a billion and a half dollars in damage.

Connecticut has pushed harder than most other states and last year had a traffic death rate of 4.9 against the countrywide average of 9.7, showing pretty clearly that a lot more can be done all over the country.

But will there be an end to traffic deaths? You know there won't.

The average driver still resents instruc-





The Four Bicyclists

By Harold Helfer

FROM the games of strength that took place in Olympia, "the stadium of the Gods," before the stoical Greeks of antiquity to the football contests in the magnificent Rose Bowl before today's sophisticated crowds many thrilling sporting events have taken place but none so weird and unbelievable as a bicycle race that was held one day in 1891 at Clifton,

On a small and dusty track 68 bieyclists, fiereely bewhiskered and just as fiercely proud, bowed stiffly to the crowd of thousands who had come from miles around to witness the big and dramatic event.

And dramatic it was—the first prize was \$10,000! That was a lot of money just to pedal a bike for a mile.

Each of the 68 contestants was determined to win it-and each had his admirers.

But there were four among them who were the stand-out favorites. They were George Banker, Sidney Bowman, Arthur Zimmerman and Paul Garsh.

With these four it was \$10,000 too—but it was something more than that. Their vaunted prestige was at stake.

Finally, the big moment was at hand. A pistol was fired. The bicyclists were off.

Banker, Bowman, Zimmerman and Garsh were in the lead right from the start. Each gave his all. Each strained forward as far as he could, his legs pumping up and down like mechanical pistons.

Banker could not get alread of Bowman and Bowman could not get ahead of Zimmerman and Zimmerman could not get ahead of Garsh. Each refused to crack, to drop back, to cease even momentarily the blistering pace.

Consequently, all four came flying along the track neek-and-neck.

But surely they would begin to fall back. There would be one in the lead, one behind, one in third place and one in fourth.

But, no. Zimmerman wouldn't falter, Bowman wouldn't falter, Banker wouldn't falter, Garsh wouldn't falter.

Neek-and-neck it was.

The first quarter of the mile went by, then the first half, then it was the final

Who would be the first to yield?

Would it be:

Banker?

Bowman?

Zimmerman?

Garsh?

Three-quarters of a mile went by—and the men were still alongside each other, flailing away furiously with their legs.

The erowd eheered one or the other frantically, trying to spur their favorite on and to discourage the others.

Only a quarter-of-a-mile was left, then an eighth.

And they were still together, side-by-side. neck-and-neck.

Who was the winner finally?

Well, it is doubtful whether ever before or since or ever again will there be a race with as fantastic an ending.

The winner wasn't Banker.

It wasn't Bowman. It wasn't Zimmerman.

It wasn't Garsh.

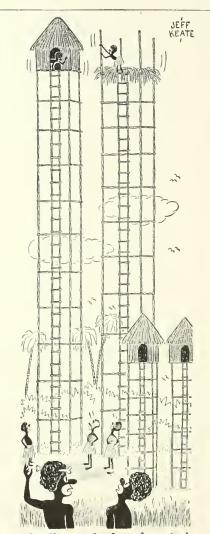
It was Banker, Bowman, Zimmerman and Garsh.

They had all finished in a dead heat.

tion. He still lacks knowledge of the best driving practice. He persists in carelessness, inattention, drink, and fatigue. He lightheartedly disregards what he thinks are unimportant (at least for him) speed limits, warnings, and road markings. Like the main proportion of our 44,000,000 drivers, he just is not good enough to avoid accidents.

So you and I, average drivers, slip along in our over-confidence. believing that we are already experts behind the wheel, ignoring our tendencies to impatience and irritation and anger, absent-mindedly wondering where that missing sawbuck went instead of noticing the "Side Road" sign. perhaps contentedly driving with one hand while we keep the other arm around youknow-who. We ignore fatigue and shake off drowsiness if we can. We trust our judgment to a split second in estimating the speed of approaching trucks and passing other cars. We know that a couple of cocktails won't interfere in the slightest with our ability to drive safely: why, they actually make us better drivers!

Yeeeeeee! Charlie! For God's sake, watch out! THE END



"It all started when those fools tried to outdo each other!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



What every bride shouldn't know:

What it feels like to be poor . . .

What it feels like when your first-born needs an expensive doctor—and you can't afford it . . .

What it's like wanting a home of your own ... and never quite getting it ...

What it's like having your kids grow up not knowing whether they'll ever get to college . . .

What it's like to see your friends able to travel abroad—but never you...

What it's like to have to keep telling yourself, "He may not have money, but he's my Joe."

There is no cure-all for all these things.

But the closest thing to it for most of us is something so simple you almost forget it's there.

It is the Payroll Savings Plan. Or—for people not on payrolls—the new Bond-a-Month Plan at your bank.

Each is a plan for buying U.S. Savings Bonds automatically.

Either one of these plans helps you—as does no other system we know of—to save money regularly, automatically, and surely, for the things you want.

So if you're a newlywed or know one, here's a bit of friendly advice to take or give:

Get on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-a-Month Plan where you bank.

It's one of the finest things you can do to start married life right.

Save the easy, automatic way...with U.S. Savings Bonds

in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

Contributed by this magazine

Advertising Council

SIDEWISE JOHANSEN

Continued from page 13

Steve Hopson handle his own duties with irritating thoroughness, but he also managed to keep himself-and Mr. Barlowinformed regarding such matters as fuel consumption and made recommendations for increased efficiency worked out on his slide-rule. The steward was given what amounted to a college education in caloric requirements as related to erg of work; and the freight-clerk had to sweat over his manifests for fcar the mate would foul him up.

Since I was third mate, he didn't bother me much, except to offer occasional advice. He wasn't much older than I, but you got the impression he was the fatherly professor and you were the classroom dunce. But I had to admit he knew his stuff when it came to figures.

One night when I relieved him on the bridge, Steve Hopson said: "Rodney, you'll find the key to everything in mathematics. Seamanship, business, life, and love."

"How do you figure love on your sliderule?" I asked.

He gave out with that mechanical laugh which matched his smile and then said: "You've got four quantities: ability, ambition, appearance, and propinquity. If you're lacking in one but know the other three, you simply make an equation and solve for x." The way he said it gave the impression that, so far as he was concerned, he didn't have to solve for x, having all four quantities.

It was supposed to be funny but I often wondered if he didn't have something more than ballast between his ears, at that. After all, he had his master's papers, a first mate's berth and command of the Skagway on her next voyage. Not bad for a sailor under thirty.

And that wasn't all. The shaft-alley wireless had it that Hopson figured when he got spliced with Miss Barlow-thereby becoming the son-in-law of a shipownerhe would be in line for the port captain's job within a year. From then on, I suppose, a little more concentration on calculus or the relativity theory, and he'd be a partner and shipowner himself.

As for the girl, well, I have to admit that I don't know much about the ladies. But, perhaps, I never met the right kind because they never added up like Hopson said. Anyway, he was certainly making knots with Miss Barlow. The first night out, the sea had been glassy and the moon nearly full. When I got off watch at midnight and went below for a mug of java, I saw them together near a lifeboat, and the mate was pointing out the stars and constellations.

The next day, I got a close-up of the girl when she came up to the bridge. She was pretty, all right, in a sort of collegiate way. She wore blue slacks and a gray tweed sports coat, and had dark gleaming hair pulled back over her ears and tied up in a knot in back. But her soft brown eyes and shy smile didn't quite match the way she talked-breathlessly and skipping around from one subject to another.

"Steve's terrifically smart, isn't he?" she said and didn't wait for an answer. "Not at all like Albert."

I wondered who Albert was and was about to ask, but she was off on another tack, by then. She pointed to the helmsman and asked what he was doing.

"Steering the ship," I said.

"Oh." The way she said "Oh" with a kind of lilt was something to hear. "Oh, that calls for mathematics, too. Doesn't it? Math is terrific. I simply never realized it before. Albert should take it much more seriously."

"What ship's Albert on?" I asked quickly.

"Oh, Albert isn't a sailor. He goes to college. We were going to be married last June but Dad wouldn't stand for it. You see, Albert didn't graduate and go to work for his father like he expected." She sighed and then went on: "Steve is simply amazing, the way he can figure things out. Last night, he told me about light years."

"Albert wouldn't know about that, I guess."

"No, Albert always flunks in math. That's why he didn't graduate last semester."

Just then, Hopson bounded up the bridge companion and put a hand on Miss Barlow's arm. "You're radiant this morning, Anne," he told her. "A first magnitude star, no less.

I watched him steer her aft and thought then that if Albert knew what was good for him, he'd better start cramming math.

By the time we left Shark Rock astern and shaped a course for Indian Bay to discharge our deck cargo of crated machinery, the storm began to show its teeth. Heavy rain slanted out of a sooty sky and the rising gale lashed the Pacific into a frothing frenzy. It wasn't any too comfortable but, with the sea on our port quarter, we were riding it all right.

I was in the chartroom with Captain Johansen and the mate when Mr. Barlow eame in, his raincoat dripping. "Are you sure that deck cargo is safe in this storm?" he demanded. He was a square-built, heavy man whose double chins trembled when he spoke. I noticed that he directed his guestion toward Hopson rather than the skipper. "It's a mighty important consignment," he went on. "Means a million dollars worth of business to the Line if it's delivered on time."

"I'm not the man to overlook that sort of thing," the mate said, turning on his smile. "A China Sea typhoon wouldn't budge those cases. You may consider them as good as delivered."

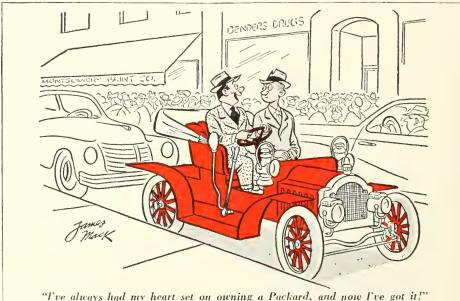
"That's the way I like to hear my officers talk!" Mr. Barlow beamed. "Some of 'em find it too easy to blame the sea for their own carelessness."

"It's a matter of mathematically estimating the strains, stresses, and potential forces," the mate stated authoritatively, "with, of course, a good margin of safety factor. Still, I believe in the advisability of a double-check and I intend to make that immediately, sir."

When he went out, Mr. Barlow said: "A fine young officer, Captain. Highly endowed and exceedingly personable. I like the way he tackles things-scientifically. You know, Captain, mathematics can be mighty important when it comes to handling modern steamers. Very different from the windjammer days.'

Old Sidewise didn't say anything. He leaned over the chart I was pretending to

The shipowner cleared his throat and



"I've always had my heart set on owning a Packard, and now I've got it!" AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

continued: "The retirement system worked out on our Line has proved most satisfactory. After completing my survey, I intend to recommend putting our pension plan into effect on the West coast. I have become convinced that, after a certain age, all masters should be retired.'

Captain Johansen looked up from the chart and gave Barlow a bleak glance. Undoubtedly, he had heard about the Line's pension plan but it simply had not sunk into his consciousness that he was scheduled for retirement. "Companies don't retire skippers, Mister Barlow," he said solemnly. "The sea does that."

"The Navy retires men at certain ages," Mr. Barlow said testily. "The merchant marine is wise to exercise a similar practice in the interests of efficiency and safety. Besides, many of our young officers coming along are familiar with all the scientific aspects of seamanship. And that's what counts, nowadays."

Captain Johansen did not appear to be listening. Barlow glowered at him, then went out, slamming the door behind him. It was very plain that blunt old Captain Johansen didn't have a chance with Steve Hopson around. Neither did Albert, for that matter.

Around six bells, we were somewhere off Point Angelo which flanks Indian Bay to the south. Visibility was bad and the gale was increasing. Spray smoked up from the crests as we pounded along, the beams and gear creaking and groaning while rain and sea-water sloshed and gurgled in the scuppers.

She was a good ship with a quatering sea, but even so she was taking a beating. The skipper finally ordered the engines slowed and storm oil dropped into the wake. She rode it better then, but cutting down our speed meant that we might miss

the tide on the bar.

It was just before dusk when we struck something. You couldn't blame the lookouts; they weren't able to see anything in that thick half-darkness. It wasn't until we heard a vicious pounding on the starboard quarter that we could see those enormous logs. Then, suddenly, the ship trembled violently from a blow under the bow. Seconds later something snapped astern and we began to lose way. The helmsman velled that the wheel didn't answer. The Skagway began to broach.

Then the engines stopped turning over and the sea caught us. We began to roll until the deck rails were awash. A sea anchor would have helped but there wasn't

time for that.

Old Sidewise gripped the bridge rail, swaying with the awful motion, looking the situation over calmly. After what seemed minutes but actually was but a split second, he ordered the mate to pay out a heavy hawser over the stern. The drag straightened us out, but not before the deck gear and boats had taken a terrible



The Eight Ball and Grenade

By Josh Drake

FTER two strenuous campaigns in the A Pacific, the 25th Division took a much deserved rest in New Caledonia. There we received replacements and started reorganizing and training for the Luzon invasion. There was assigned to my platoon a fellow who was a typical Eight Ball. There is at least one such fellow in every company, a soldier with two left feet who does everything wrong. This particular Eight Ball was very conscientious but everything seemed to go wrong no matter how hard he tried.

As a prelude to the real invasion we ran problems using live ammunition. On one particular problem, Hoppie, as the boys all called our Eight Ball, was supposed to crawl up and throw grenades in a pillbox while the rest of the squad fired over him. He threw all three grenades in the pillbox but none of them went off. We stopped the problem thinking the grenades were faulty.

Hoppie's squad leader, a veteran of three campaigns, cautiously approached the pillbox and suddenly began to swear. "You blockhead," he exploded, "You didn't pull the pins from those grenades. No wonder they didn't go off.

He gave Hoppie a thirty-minute oration of which two-thirds was profanity, and made him stand and yell a hundred times at the top of his voice: "The next time I throw a grenade, I'll pull the pin.

Months went by and we invaded Luzon. One day our company was advancing across an open rice field when an automatic weapon opened up. Three Japs in a strong emplacement with an open field of fire were successfully holding up the advance of almost two hundred men. It was easy to see that to advance the company across the field would cost us many

casualties. The company commander told me to take a squad from my platoon and crawl up a small draw that led near the Jap emplacement. From there we could throw grenades in the pillbox while the rest of the platoon fired in the small opening to make the occupants keep their heads down.

Hoppie happened to be in the squad that was chosen to crawl up the draw. The squad leader was first to get into a position where he could toss a grenade without exposing himself. He reached for his grenade pouch only to find that it had fallen off his cartridge belt while he was crawling into position. He called back to the man nearest him, "Toss me a grenade." The man was Hoppie.

He was scared stiff, as we all were, but Hoppie just couldn't think under fire. With trembling hands he pulled a grenade from his belt. We all saw what he was doing and yelled, but Hoppie was so excited he failed to hear us. Before he tossed the grenade to the squad leader

he pulled the pin. .

Only the quick thinking of the squad leader saved his life. In the five seconds that it takes for a grenade to go off, he jumped up and made a dive which carried him behind the pillbox. By the time the startled Japs could open up with a volley he was safe in their rear. After Hoppie's grenade went off a more levelheaded man tossed the squad leader another grenade—without pulling the pin and he simply rolled it in on the Japs.

The Nips taken care of, the squad leader raced after Hoppie and started kicking him where it would do the most good. Surprised, Hoppie complained, Sergeant, you're not mad at me, are you? We got them, didn't we?"



A Raft of Experience

James C. Whittaker, of Long Beach, Calif., former Air Force licutenant, has proved that a man, if he has a mind for it, can gain business experience even when drifting about miles from nowhere on a raft.

Whittaker was one of the men who took to a life raft with Eddie Rickenbacker back in October, 1942, when their plane crashed in the Pacific.

Recently Whittaker went into business—manufacturing life rafts.—By Harold Helfer

Legerdemain In Leather

Bert Libas, a former New York City photographer, who served in the Pacific with the 46th Bomb Group, came back to civilian life after 32 months of action plus additional time in a hospital bed. A leg muscle had been cruelly torn in a plane crackup, and the doctor told him he wouldn't be able to walk for a while. At least not with a camera case. But Bert has something else to fall back on. He had carved leather as a hobby before the war, and figured he could make a living out of it.

He has. He turns out belts, shell boxes, wall plaques, luggage and handbags carved in sports motifs. His photographic eye freezes animals in motion and captures every detail in leather bas-relief. His customers are, for the most part, sportsmen. Bert's work is successful because of his love of the outdoors—hunting, sailing and fishing-and because he translates it into the detail of his carving. Mcn and women seek him out for shotgun eases, fighting belts for tuna fishing or billfolds carved to reflect their sporting tastes. An upland game hunter's proudest possession is a 28inch case with pointers catwalking a pheasant on one side and flushing it on the other.

Last February, Bert's exhibition at the Sportsman's Show in New York was one of the big attractions. He has enough orders to keep him busy for six months, but he doesn't intend to spend all of his time working. His leg is better now, so he just bought a 36-foot ketch and plans to spend the summer cruising the New England coast.—By Tom Moore McBride

Nut Cracker

One veteran who returned from Europe with a good idea is Kenneth Dick of Peebles, Ohio, who cracks walnuts for a living. His home-made, power-driven nutcracker can turn out 60 pounds of kernels every 24 hours. These he sells to candy manufacturers for as much as 90 cents a pound.

The idea had been in Dick's mind for some time. At first the newly invented machine had plenty of flaws. When finally finished it was 14 feet long, and contained

a series of belts, drums, and needles. The machine is hand fed, and the newly cracked nuts drop to a belt which carries them beneath a battery of 800 needles. These needles pick the meats from their shells. At the other end of the machine the cleaned kernels fall into a water bucket. "Then I spread them on screen trays," said Dick. "They have to dry for a few days before they can be packed and shipped." He packs the dried nut meats into 50-pound cartons for shipment. There is a constant demand for more walnuts than he can prepare, even with the aid of his three assistants.

Dick buys his walnuts from dealers who ship them by truck from surrounding states. However, he isn't content just to crack and ship his 3600 walnuts an hour. His plans for the future include a clearing house for other producers so that he can let someone else run the cracking machines while he markets the product.—By George Laycock

Catering to the Kids

Veterans John Eberle and Robert Stere, operators of the Model Airplane Shop, 502 E. Ohio St., Pittsburgh, Pa., do more than sell miniature plane parts to hobbyists. They have installed a workshop where young boys can repair or build any model plane or model plane motor. No charge is made for advice and the use of tools, but the service is causing their business to boom.

As another promotion scheme they conduct contests every Sunday, when their young customers have a chance to demonstrate the flying ability of their handicraft. The contests attract much attention, and cach week there is a noticeable increase in the number of hobbyists using the shop.

Eberle and Stere stock more than 1000 different kinds of model plane kits, miniature motors and other items needed by builders of small planes. However, as they point out, to make a success of such a business it is necessary to do more than keep merchandise in stock.—By Gilbert R. Uhrig

Saves Shaves

Sitting in a foxhole a few miles north of St. Lo, Alfred Daniels rubbed his hand across the thick stubble on his face and got an idea. "Why not," he asked himself, "work out something that will cover up a man's beard when he hasn't a chance to shave?"

When Daniels landed back in Boston he brought the idea with him. But by this time it was almost an obsession. He gave up his job as an advertising salesman, found a friend who was willing to back him, and located a chemist. Between them, after months of work, they worked out a talc-cream which eliminates that five or six o'clock shadow.

Under the name Shadow Proof, the product was placed on the market last December. Legionnaire Daniels persuaded several Boston department stores to stock it, and got his first break when Clark Gable ordered several jars. Within three months he had sold 57,000 jars at a dollar each and had built up a laboratory staff of ten people to handle manufacturing.

beating from the sea. Still, the deck cargo held. As Hopson said, a typhoon couldn't budge those cases.

We scudded before the gale, each moment bringing us closer to Indian Bay Bar which, by this time, hadn't enough water over it for us. Our engines were disabled and the rudder wasn't working. It looked like plenty of trouble.

Back on the bridge. Hopson reported: "Men are working on the jammed steering engine, sir. Meantime, I would suggest that we radio for tugs to stand by. I've spoken with Mr. Barlow and he agrees."

The skipper stared at the mate quizzically. "Tugs? We'll want no tugs. Mister."

"A tug is vitally necessary," Hopson said impatiently. "Mister Barlow agrees that we should radio for assistance at once."

"The radio antenna was carried away and we can't spare the men to repair it now," Captain Johansen said quietly. "See to the rudder, Mister." He turned back to the sea.

"But the chief says he won't be able to give us better than slow speed. We won't be able to hold our own against this gale. It's driving us on to the coast."

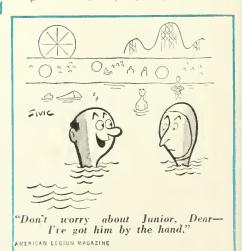
"See to the rudder," old Sidewise repeated.

Steve Hopson went below wearing an expression that said clearly it was the skipper's funeral and not his.

Twenty minutes later, the black gang had the engines turning over again. On the speaking tube, the chief shouted: "Tell the old man it's slow speed or no speed. We can't make full repairs out here and that's that." Meantime, the steering gear was working again and we had some kind of control over the ship.

But we were close to the coast. Too close for comfort. You could see the shore lights, dimly flickering. The Point Angelo beacon was a feeble, ghostly glare to starboard, and Indian Bay Bar frothed directly over our bows.

When Gilbey came topside he said: "Why doesn't the old man turn her around and drop the hook? He doesn't think we can get over the bar, does he?"



"Not with only twenty feet of water over it and us drawing almost that much," I said. Even in calm water, it'd be dangerous. With this swell, the Skagway would break her back on the bar.

But, going over the bar was apparently just what the skipper intended to do, for he ordered the searchlights manned.

"Look at that surf!" Gilbey gasped.
"Now you know why I like deep water.
Well, maybe the mate can figure it out
on his sliderule."

I'll say this for Hopson. He really tried. When he came up to the wheelhouse, followed by Barlow who was fumbling with a lifebelt, he approached the skipper. "Captain Johansen," he began nervously, "isn't it time you brought her around and . . ."

Barlow broke in angrily: "Mister Hopson has explained that we haven't a chance unless you bring the ship about and hold her with the anchors and what power we have. As owner, I insist that you do it."

But Old Sidewise wasn't even listening. He appeared to be studying the shoreline. Barlow grasped him by the shoulder and shouted: "Do you intend to pile the ship up on the beach?"

"We go over the bar," the skipper said evenly.

"Over the bar!" echoed Hopson incredulously. "Are you crazy? We're drawing twenty feet of water and there's barely that much over the channel now. Why, the first swell will drop us down on the bar and break us in two like a match. It's suicide, I tell you. Even a lubber—" He stopped abruptly. "Unless—unless you mean to jettison the deck cargo, sir."

"Look here," Barlow howled. "I told you that machinery has to be delivered. It means a million dollars worth of business next year—"

"But, Mister Barlow, it's better to lose the cargo than the ship—and maybe our lives. There's a chance we can go over if we throw the heavy machinery overside. It's a matter of weights and displacements. I'll go into the chartroom and work it out mathematically." He looked toward Captain Johansen as if for approval, but the old man paid no attention. Then Hopson dashed into the chartroom with Barlow at

his heels.

Gilbey and I stood by on the bridge. certain now that the old man would order the ship turned around and that he would attempt to stay as far off Indian Bar as possible. At least, until Hopson figured out how much we could decrease her draft. But the Captain did nothing of the kind. He simply stood by the helmsman, a gnarled dripping figure, watching the sea boiling up ahead. The bar was close, now, and it seemed to me that we were in the suck of the ingoing tide-good for at least seven knots over the bar. From time to time, the old man barked orders at the helmsman for a slight change in the course. You could see the giant swells racing

toward the bay in the scarehlights' glare and the channel buoys bobbed crazily.

Gilbey groaned. "We're in for it now. We're in the tidal current. Even Hopson couldn't figure us out of this with a dozen sliderules." I agreed with him. We were going to break up on the bar. There wasn't enough water. Like the mate always said, there was only one answer when you added things up.

That was when Captain Johansen's voice lifted. "Port!"—he shouted—"hard aport."

I thought he had finally decided to turn the ship around and try to hold her with power and the anchors. But it was too late for that. Even a third mate knew that much. I remember thinking that Barlow was right. The Line needed competent new masters; and that after this, they'd need a new ship too.

The Skagway came sluggishly around to port, parallel to the coast. Then, she was in the trough, almost on her beam ends. I thought she was going over. But she didn't. Another sea caught her and I felt the ship lift as though a giant's hand was under the keel. Gilbey and I were hanging on for all we were worth. That was all we could do besides wait for the crunching jolt that would mean she'd struck bottom.

BUT... she didn't even bother her barnacles. The incoming swell lifted her and the ingoing tidal current teamed up with the gale to bring her over. It was unbelievable, yet there it was.

That was when Hopson exploded out of the chartroom yelling: "Captain Johansen, we can make it all right. We can get enough clearance if we jettison all the deck cargo. It'll be close, but . . ." He stopped then, his neck swiveling around and his mouth as wide as an open hatch. Mr. Barlow, right behind him, was blinking with disbelief. Both of them looked as if they had seen Davy Jones himself pop up out of the scuppers.

For the Skagway was over the bar, riding steady and proud as a tern in the comparatively ealm waters of Indian Bay.

I saw Gilbey choking with laughter. He stepped over to me and said: "Hell, Rodney—I should've known what the old man was up to from the start. Sidewise, Sidewise Johansen! Why, I've heard yarns about these old coast skippers an' their tricks, an' takin' a ship over a bar sidewise is one of 'em. You can do it when the tide's floodin' in. That way, the swell lifts her and the current and wind does the rest."

"I should've known, too," I muttered. I'd read about that maneuver in Standard Seamanship myself but, like lots of things you read, they don't mean anything until you've seen them done, I looked over at the skipper. He wasn't perturbed at all. He didn't even give Mr. Barlow or the mate a glance. He was too busy taking his ship in through the bay channel.

Steve Hopson was still blinking as we steamed in toward the wharf, so it was the skipper who ordered the men aloft to repair the wireless antenna. By the time we were almost in, Sparks came out of his shack and handed a message to Miss Barlow who had come on deck.

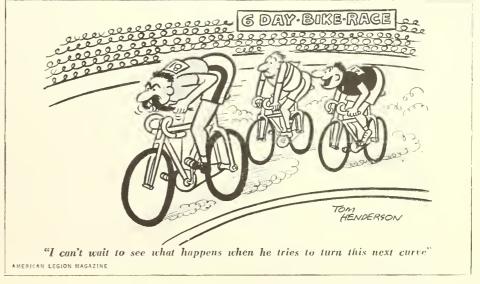
"Daddy," she cried, when she read it, "it's from Albert. He started working for his father today! Now, we can get married, ean't we?"

Gilbey said: "I guess her an' Albert won't have no budget trouble, considerin' all the figgerin' she's picked up from the mate."

"Oh," Miss Barlow said, overhearing his words, "we won't have to do any worrying about that. Albert's father manufactures adding machines."

I looked at Steve Hopson and he seemed to be trying to switch on that smile of his but the best he could do was to lift his lips into a feeble grin. It was mighty sickly, at first, but it began stretching out into the kind of smile you like to see on a man's face. It was the genuine article by the time he leaned over and dropped his sliderule into Indian Bay.

THE END





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A Little Wildroot Cream-Oil does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Without that greasy, plastered down look. Your hair looks and feels good.



IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair!

TUNE IN... TWO NETWORK SHOWS! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

Man vs. Horse

IN 1924 A MAN by the name of George Hall, who fancied himself to be quite a runner, decided to "run it out" with a race horse named Black Jack. So a sixday endurance test between the two was scheduled in London. The horse was withdrawn from the marathon on the fifth day with Hall fifteen miles ahead and still going strong.-By Harold Helfer.

Uncle Wants Lion Killers

THE OTHER DAY when I was at the Los Angeles City Hall looking over Civil Service openings for city, state and federal governments, I ran across what is to me a new kind of career. The notice is titled "Lion Hunter." I read on. It seems there are lions in the California mountains and the state fathers would like to get rid of them. So they have a Civil Service job open as Lion Hunter which pays around \$2200



a year. Qualifi-cations? Well, one must have his own pack of lion dogs; he must be a good hunter with experience at hunting lions; and he must take an examination which requires him to hike twenty miles in one day in rough timber land, handle the

dogs with skill, and be able to climb a tree (after or from a lion it doesn't say). Next time I'm downtown I'll find out what the lion population of California is and the amount of the lion bounty. Maybe it's a career .- By R. Wilson Brown.

Baseball Schedule Maker

CLEMENT J. SCHWENER'S love for exactness and neatness is the reason that each of 16 major league baseball clubs can start out confidently on a mid-April date to play 154 games against seven opponentsand finish the task simultaneously on or about October 1, without a trace of confusion. Schwener, a white-haired, retired

Boston bank employe, has been making up the National League schedules since 1914. He has been doing the same task for the American League since 1926, always seeing to it that when the St. Louis Cardinals were at home the St. Louis Browns were on the road, and that no team wastes a mile in excessive travel.

Every season the 16 clubs play a total of 1232 games and no club is allowed to

visit another city for more than three days at a time. Yet Schwener declares he doesn't know mathematics and doesn't care for geography.

Each year he must devise a new schedule to accom modate calendar changes, sectional holi-



days such as Patriots Day in Boston, national holidays, and rotate the opening dates. No schedule is exactly similar to a previous one.

And how did Schwener prepare for such a task? By collecting railroad timetables in his boyhood home of Cincinnati and improving them for the benefit of the ticket-buying public .- By Melvin Pomeroy.

Unconvinced

WHEN HENRY ARMSTRONG was blasting his way through the amateurs he ran into a chap with a great sense of humor. Early in the contest "Homicide Hank" brought this man to his knees with a barrage of punches. When the boxer arose he said. "Listen, Armstrong, when are you gonna learn how to fight?"

A terrific left hurled the fellow through the ropes. When he climbed back in the ring again the first thing he said was, "I thought you knew how to hit, Armstrong." Hank measured his opponent for a finishing punch and finally knocked him out with a perfectly timed, vicious, overhand right. When the boxer came to he shook his head and said, "Some guys have all the luck."-By Robert R. Richards.



Sister to Liberty Bell

Unknown to millions is the existence of a sister to our Liberty Bell—a companion bell which also pealed out the independence proclamation of 1776 in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, It can be found today in a little museum at Villanova College, Villanova, Pa.

The original Liberty Bell, imported from England, cracked at its first testing in September, 1752. Recast by Pass & Stow of Philadelphia in 1753, it did not please members of the Provincial Assembly, and a second bell was ordered, with the proposal that the defective bell be returned.

The bell was never returned. Instead, it was placed in the State House (now Independence Hall) steeple amid great ceremony in April, 1753. The second bell arrived and was hung in the cupola belfry and attached to a Thomas Stretch clock.

On July 4, 1776, both bells shared in proclaiming the proudest day of American history. The first bell cracked again to become an American symbol.

Twenty years later, Father Thomas Matthew of the Order of St. Augustine arrived in Philadelphia, Under his leadership St. Augustine's Catholic Church was completed in 1801.

When the State House steeple was rebuilt in 1830, the sister bell and its clock were sold to St. Augustine's for \$650. Then in 1844 the Know Nothing riots brought destruction to the church; the building was burned, and the bell smashed.

Meanwhile, the Augustinians had purchased a tract of land about ten miles west of Philadelphia and had erected a college known as St. Thomas of Villanova. The broken St. Augustine's bell was recast by Joseph Bernhard of Philadelphia in 1847 and hung on a locust tree where it called students to classes for the next 70 years.

Another Augustinian church, St. Nicholas of Tolentine, was completed in Jamaica, L. I., in 1917 and the bell played an important role at its dedication. For 25 years the bell remained there until 1942 when Villanova celebrated its centennial and the bell was brought home.

Now, once again, the bell rests a short distance from Independence Hall and its famous sister, the Liberty Bell.

-By Quentin R. Fehr



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Can't Break His Good Habits!

Bert Childers was saying, it's funny how so many of our wartime habits stick with us.

Bert likes plenty of butter on his bread, but even now he can't get over spreading it like it was just as scarce as hen's teeth. And when he was a warworker, Bert used to stick to a temperate glass of beer on time off; and he still holds fast to beer and moderation.

It's the same way with Bert's wife. She not only has no trouble saving used fats, and waste paper. She's also learned from wartime necessity to save every single thing that might possibly be used again.

From where I sit, it's mighty good that so many of these common-sense habits like thrift and moderation have stayed with us. Because they belong in America—along with tolerance, and mutual respect for one another's rights. They're habits that have helped to make this country strong and neighborly and free.

Joe Marsh

"Workman's Compensation!"



Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

LOOK, NO MOTOR!

Continued from page 27

four miles above the ground in the heart of the storm! *That* flight was an epic in soaring history.

With the extra space of his twin seater Pratt-Read LNE-1 sailplane loaded with 300 pounds of meteorological instruments Tuntland cut loose from his tow plane below a bulging thunderhead, entered its upward rising core, and spiraled tightly in a mild lift. Turbulence was light at the start but kept increasing as he gained altitude. Above ten thousand feet his rate of rise grew to 2000 feet per minute! At 14,000 feet the air became so rough that he had to forget about putting on his oxygen mask because both hands were glued to the stick to fly through the updrafts pounding the bottom of his ship. His wings by now were coated with more than an inch of ice and he began to find it almost impossible to move the controls. The ice at least kept the hail and sleet from shredding the fabric of his wings and

At record-smashing 22,500 feet, exhausted and groggy from lack of oxygen, Tuntland decided it was high time to leave the thunderhead. But after seven long minutes of fighting savage updrafts and downdrafts he was still entirely surrounded by cloud. Then suddenly a blinding flash, a crack like a pistol shot, and the smell of smoke jolted him into the realization that the glider had been hit by lightning. The brief inattention to his controls when he glanced over his shoulder to discover the extent of the damage was enough to send his ship out of control into a wild spiral dive during which his air speed hit 140 mph, far in excess of the glider's designed top safety speed.

When he reached the ground Paul was not able to tell us how he regained control of his sailplane, but his barograph showed he recovered at 13,000 feet after falling a mile and a half. A few minutes after his dive he was out of the cloud and able to put on his oxygen mask to recuperate. During the entire flight he had reported by radio and only once was his communication interrupted by a strictly unscientific remark—that was when lightning hit the glider and burned a hole in the wing surface!

Thunderstorm flying in motorless craft for the Weather Bureau is the latest and most dramatic chapter in man's age-old dream to outdo the birds. Since it was done by sailplane sportsmen, mere hobbyists, whose craft is only a mechanical extension of the pilot's muscles and nerves, it would seem that man, even without gasoline. is several jumps ahead of the eagle, the hawk and the buzzard.

Soaring is essentially a sport. It is new, growing, thrilling, with plenty of good clean fun outside of thunderstorms. Only in a few other instances have pilots voluntarily jockeyed sailplanes into electrical storms. Another friend of mine tried it once on a bet. When his sailplane flipped over on its back with one wing shorn off he bailed out so promptly that he omitted the formality of opening the plexiglas dome enclosing the cockpit. Instead he went right through it, and for the next two months he looked as though he'd put his head in a lion cage.

I ENJOY fair weather soaring better than anything else in the world. It is flight in the truest sense. Staying up against the pull of gravity is like winning an argument and outguessing an expert. It keeps your mind flexible and alert and your reflexes tuned to a fine pitch.

The air condition best suited for soaring is a much milder second cousin of the thunderstorm known as the thermal updraft. A thermal, so dear to the heart of a soaring fan, is nothing more than a rising fountain of air caused by unequal heating of the earth's surface under a



"I've never seen anyone get as excited over dog racing as McClellan"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



THE LOOEY'S PIGEONS

By Clayton Crews

The armed guard gun crew to which I belonged was made up of "old salts" who delighted to ride newcomers by giving them ridiculous orders to carry out. New recruits would be sent to the engine room for "buckets of steam." They would be dispatched to the gunnery officer for "wobble shafts." They would be advised to buy "sea stamps" from the purser so they could post their letters at a "mail buoy." These and other strange errands were always good for a laugh.

In the spring of '44 we pulled into an east coast port and picked up a new seaman gunner and a new commanding officer, a lieutenant, junior grade. The looey gave the impression that he had many a voyage behind him and he had us believing it, for a time. The gunner was nothing but a kid and it was obvious that he had only been in the Navy a few weeks. The gang went to work on him.

One of the most hilarious assignments they gave him was "feeding the pigeons." They told him a fantastic story about how we always kept a flock of carrier pigeons down in the hatches in case we were torpedoed. In such an emergncy, he was told, the pigeons would fly out with distress messages. The kid seemed to believe the story so we told him that one of his most important duties was to get oatmeal from the galley each morning and feed the pigeons. Since it was always pitch-dark down in the hatches, it was impossible for him to see that there were no pigeons there. For several days he faithfully carried oatmeal to the imaginary birds.

Then one morning our new, and supposedly salty, commanding officer happened to be strolling about the boat deck and saw this kid throwing handful after handful of oatmeal through the cracks in the hatch-covers down into the darkness. He immediately summoned our bo'suns mate and asked him what the kid was doing.

The bo'sun grinned, winked knowingly at the looey, and said, "We're just having a little fun, sir. We're having the new sea-

The looey then gave a know-all laugh and replied, "That's pretty good, bo'sun." Then in a serious voice he added, "But nobody in this crew has any business being that dumb. Any damn fool ought to know those pigeons won't eat oatmeal!"

man feed oatmeal to our carrier pigeons.

bright sun. For example, the rays of the sun beating on a plowed field surrounded by green vegetation radiate back into the atmosphere and heat the air immediately above the field, which starts to rise.

The surrounding air which remains cool, being shaded by vegetation, flows onto the plowed field, breaking loose the heated air from the ground and impelling it to rise upward, drifting cross country with the wind. The new inflow of cool air is soon warmed on the exposed field and the process is repeated all over. Therefore, approximately every twenty minutes, the sailplanes can expect a thermal to pop up over the favorable location. While the thermal drifts it continues to rise and its top, cooled by its elevation, spills over on all sides so that the rising air is surrounded by downdrafts.

The fluffy cumulous clouds you see drifting high in a fair summer sky are the visible tops of thermals which have gone so high the moisture in them has condensed. If you watch them closely you can see the air boiling out of the top.

A sailplane in a thermal carries aloft like a feather over a hot radiator as the lazily spiraling thermal fountain wanders across country on the breeze.

Skillful sailplane pilots develop a sixth sense for sniffing out thermals and predict them with uncanny accuracy by cloud and land formations much as a yachtsman watches for telltale wind ruffles on the surface of the water. But since thermals are prevalent only during the heat of the day and depend on the right combination of wind and weather, soaring, as a dependable means of point to point transportation is strictly limited.

I recall a soaring contest where the greater part of the day was spent in lolling around talking shop, dozing, and writing letters waiting for something to stir aloft. The few tows that were tried resulted in flat uninteresting glides. Then, suddenly, one of the old timers who had been carefully studying a distant cloud formation, shouted, "Oh, doctor! Look at that thermal!" The Oklahoma land rush was nothing compared to the stampede of contestants diving into their sailplanes and clamoring to be towed into the air.

Many a successful sailplane flight has been made by watching soaring birds—eagles, hawks, vultures, and gulls, and following one of them into a thermal. It will never cease to be a spine tingling experience for me to spiral slowly upward with a haughty eagle on my wing tip, seeming to hang there as though fixed in space by invisible wires. As a general rule birds pay little or no attention to a slow, silent sailplane unless the pilot waggles his wings or makes a threatening gesture in their direction. Then most birds will collapse their wings and plummet away toward earth.

My partner in our soaring school, Steve Bennis, once picked a wisc old buzzard as a soaring companion but the big bird kept staring at plane and pilot so disdainfully out of his cold, beady eyes that Steve flipped a wing tip at him to see if he could ruffle his calm. No reaction: the buzzard would not scare. He refused to budge from his position above Steve's right wing until suddenly Steve felt himself sinking in a strong downdraft.

After several minutes Steve located the thermal once more and elimbed back up to where old Mr. Buzzard continued his motionless floating in space. Again he refused to be frightened by Steve's attempts to needle him but let the sailplane follow the majestic spirals of his glide. Suddenly the bottom dropped out of the thermal and once again the sailplane slipped into a downdraft. Only then did it dawn on Steve that the wise old bird was coolly leading him into a downdraft as punishment for erowding the bird out of his thermal and interrupting his sport.

The use of thermals makes the sport of soaring possible in flat country as well as over the hilly ridges once thought so necessary for motorless flight. Soaring in this country was developed from its infancy to its prewar peak at Harris Hill near Elmira, New York, where are found the ideal conditions for ridge soaring—riding the steady







AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

updrafts made by the wind as it elimbs over hills and ridges. But the flat plains of the Southwest seem to be far superior, now that thermal flight is established, to anything to be found in the East. Recently an American two-place sailplane distance record of 314 miles was set in a flight from Arizona to New Mexico, and this month the National Soaring Championships will, for the first time, be held away from Elmira—at Wichita Falls, Texas.

In last year's contest at Elmira, Johnnie Robinson, for the third time, turned in the winning distance flight despite weak weather conditions. After sweating from Elmira clear across the state of Pennsylvania never over 2,000 feet off the ground, he reached the Bellanca Airport in New Castle, Delaware, and shouted for someone to witness his landing to make it official. When he casually mentioned to the hangar crew that he was from Elmira, they shouted: "You mean New York?" They wouldn't believe him until he'd put in a long distance call to his ground crew.

Johnnie, who held the U. S. solo record of 290 miles, says: "There is no competition I know of so keen and exacting as contest sailplane flying, when ten or more sleek, thin-winged sailplanes circle silently in the same thermal, each trying to be top man in the stack. In power plane competition the pilot with the most horsepower is the winner; in soaring as in yachting, it is the pilot who can make the most of his wind and weather conditions who wins,"

Power pilots can learn a lot from soaring. The membership of soaring elubs is rapidly filling with peace-grounded exservice pilots who have discovered in sailplaning one of the pleasantest ways, and for many the only way, to get back in the air on a young veteran's budget. A lot of them are earning new tricks about flying.

It's safe to say that many power pilots who are deader than doornails would be alive today if they had only known the basic fundamentals of soaring. A checklist of mountainside power plane crashes shows these accidents take place almost without exception in the strong downdraft formed by the wind rolling down the lee side of a mountain. Soaring pilots learn to avoid lee downdrafts like black plague and instead can usually be counted on to use a handy updraft. While flying for a scientific expedition in Iran the late Lew Barringer, head of the Army glider program, nursed a fully loaded Waco cabin plane 100 miles beyond his gas supply by ridge-soaring along the jagged face of a stone mountain range.

Power fliers who tow sailplanes quickly pick up the principles of soaring, as demonstrated by the Army towpilots who could ridge-soar and thermal-soar their bulky power planes with closed throttles right alongside the gliders.

The value of gliding and soaring as flight

training was emphatically proved by the Army glider program conducted during the war. Each second spent at the controls of a sailplane is flight training in its most concentrated form. The ship must be flown every foot. It will never fly itself.

In soaring every landing is a forced landing. Shelley Charles, a prominent airplane pilot who spends his spare time at his hobby of soaring, says that since he has taken to gliding "a forced landing even in a fully-loaded, twin-motor DC-3 would be duck soup." Soaring pilots, too, are the most stall-conscious fliers in aviation. Thermal soaring, requiring accurate piloting in continuous spirals close to the stalling point, develops fine-precision flying.

Yet it was only in 1945 that Congress passed a bill authorizing soaring hours to count toward private and commercial power plane licenses. Lack of enough adequate sites is the most acute headache currently facing the eighty active branches of the Soaring Society of America. Our soarers would like to see RFC loans made available for the purchase and construction of soaring fields, and they would also like to see many unwanted excess military training fields converted into soaring air parks.

They feel that with the shrinking of our air power amateur soaring can be the cradle to keep aviation alive on the scale required of a modern nation. Nor would they be the first civilian society to serve such a function. In the recent war the National Ski Association was the civilian reservoir which supplied the men, the know-how and most of the leadership for our mountain troops.

Unlike almost all foreign countries the United States does not subsidize soaring as a training aid. Here it is strictly a sport. Yet in the never-ending pursuit of improved soaring flight for the pure thrill of

accomplishment, the actual border between the sport of gliding and the science of aviation has been reduced to such a narrow margin that it is hard to tell where sport ends and science begins.

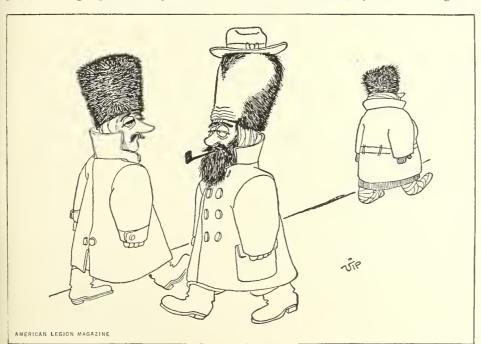
Long ago, in Germany, where soaring was first developed, it was fostered and encouraged as a means of getting around the Versailles Treaty. And from the ranks of the followers of this seemingly innocent pastime Hermann Goering recruited the already experienced young fliers who were to become the scourge of Europe, the Luftwaffe.

American soarers meet their problems by sticking together. When the cool of an approaching evening brings an end to a day of soaring, time after time I have left a soaring port together with the entire membership of a club because invariably none of us would think of leaving a field until he had helped disassemble and stow the last sailplane. Without this cheerful spirit of cooperation equipment could not be handled, soaring sites could not be established, and information would not be so readily available to anyone interested in the sport.

American soaring clubs have hung up an outstanding record of achievement. Starting often with only one sailplane purchased by pooling the finances of a dozen members and spending the last few dollars on rope and an old jalopy, they learned to soar through trial and error.

Getting off the ground is quite a problem with the sailplaners. Airplane tow, which is the best method, is also the most expensive and the most thoroughly entangled in CAA regulations. Motor winch take-off rates second best and will tow a sailplane 1000 feet aloft—but winches are unfortunately few and far between.

Getting into the air behind an auto demands thousands of yards of driving like



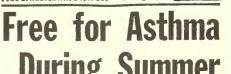








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The American Legion Budget-1947

In compliance with Convention action, the National Finance Committee hereby publishes the budget for the National Organization of The American Legion for the year 1947, as presented to and adopted by the National Executive Committee at its November, 1946, meeting at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Revenue

General

General	
Dues @ \$1.00 per member	\$3,300,000,00
Dues prior years	
S. A. L. dues @ 25¢ per member	5,000,00
S. A. L. dues prior years	105 000 00
Emblem Division	125,000.00
Reserve Fund Earnings	14,000,00
Purchase Discounts	7,500,00 5,280,00
Interest on Washington Building	10,000,00
Interest on Emb. Inventory	3,750.00
Interest on Capital Ave. Bidg.	4,200.00
Rental on Washington Property	4,200.00
	\$3.474.730.00
Reserve for National	
Convention Expense	100,000.00
	\$3,574,730.00
	\$3,374,730.00
Restricted	
Earnings of Endowment Fund	140,000.00
Contributions:	
40 & 8 for Child Welfare	30,000,00
Auxiliary for Rehabilitation	25,000.00
Auxiliary for Child Welfare	10.000.00
8 & 40 for Child Welfare	1,000.00
	206,000.00
	\$3,780,730,00
Expeuse	
Payable from Regular Revenue	
Administration - Indianapolis	§ 607,579. 73
Administration - Washington	115,515.14
Americani m	108,559.69 47,268.89
Legislative	317,690,00
Public Relations	48,378.20
Finance	236,250.00
Executive	67,418.77
Defense	07,410.77
Publications:	1.106,659.88
American Legion Magazino National Legionnaire	373,251.93
Reliabilitation & Child Welfare	386,157.77
Appropriation for Retirement	160,000,00
Appropriation for Retirement	100,000.00
	3,574,730,00
Payable from Restricted Revenue	
Rehabilitation	450,838.0 3
Child Welfare	141,319.74
	592,157.77
Less: Excess over Restricted	
Funds	386,157.77
	206,000,00

NATIONAL FINANCE COMMITTEE:

Sam W. Reynolds, Nebraska, Chairman Edward W. Bolt, California William J. Dwyer, New York Edgar B. Dunlap, Georgia John D. Ewing, Louisiana William P. Roan, Pennsylvania John Lewis Smith, Jr., District of Columbia

\$3,780,730,00

blazes, tears the guts out of a car, and often does not result in enough working altitude to hook a thermal.

Yet the accident rate is remarkably low, and today's safety and economy makes soaring attractive to the all-important high-school age level. The last few years have witnessed flights by high-school students in sailplanes they built themselves in their own manual training classes. Soaring provides the perfect teen-age link between the enthusiastic airmindedness of the small boy and the young men of potential pilot calibre.

Soaring is no longer the stepchild of aviation. Its contribution to the science of flying and its keen element of competition have brought it into its own.

But above all, with airpower spelling national security, soaring is becoming recognized as one of the best approaches to a nation of "bred-in-the-bone" experienced young fliers. THE END

Where Are the Veterans' **Hospitals?**

Continued from page 11

Almost two years after war's end the Veterans Administration is struggling along with (a) the hospitals built for World War I veterans and still largely occupied by them, and (b) such military hospitals as could be converted to VA use.

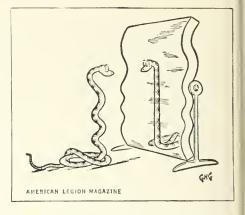
Several fine Army hospitals are standing empty, boarded up. They were offered to the VA but could not be used because the Army built them too far from any population center to staff them with doctors and nurses. These hospitals were fine for an Army, which could draft or commission medical staffs and order them whither it would. But they are in some instances not adequate for an Administration which must use civilian doctors. Medical men say it is like drilling a well in a rock to build a big hospital where there are no doctors.

One of the locked-up Army hospitals is at Clinton, Iowa, in an area where veterans recently went begging for care because the Chicago VA hospitals were packed to the rafters and couldn't take them. The VA had to turn down use of the Clinton hospital because the nearest community with a medical center is Iowa City, too far from Clinton for Iowa City doctors to commute, or leave their practices.

The VA is planning a new hospital at Iowa City, and at Clinton the big Army hospital stands empty and unused, a shining ghost of the recent war. Mcanwhile the VA has arranged that urgent cases in the Clinton area may go to other VA hospitals more distant than Chicago, for care.

And what is the story of the 74 hospitals authorized in 1944? Why are none finished and few being built today?

Construction is a matter of plans and materials and workmen and time. 1944 was too late. There is no better comparison be-



tween "authorization" and "having hospitals" than the official record of the new 400-bed vetcrans' hospital at Providence, R. I., one of the first started under the post-war program.

Providence was approved September 12, 1944. The site was selected April 19, 1945. Architects plans were completed June 13, 1946. The bid for construction was let September 10, 1946, and ground was broken the same month. The hospital is "scheduled for completion" in April, 1948. That's three years and seven months after "authorization" and three years after V-E Day, when prospective patients began coming home in large numbers. Any delays caused by strikes, material shortages or other causes will postpone the opening date, which is, after all, just a paper date.

Will there be further delays? Maybe. Workmen are scarce, particularly where commercial construction at bonus rates competes with hospital building and that is virtually everywhere. Costs multiply and original plans need upward revision. The new NP hospital south of Peekskill, N. Y., on which ground was recently broken, will cost nearly three times as much as originally planned in 1944. Over eight million dollars then, twenty-two-million-odd now.

One contractor in Wisconsin undertook a major alteration job, bidding on the assumption he could put 100 bricklayers to work on a veterans' hospital. After he started, not more than eight bricklayers reported on any one day. His penalties for delay in the contract exceeded the amount of profit he could make.

Instances like that make contractors unwilling to bid on veterans' hospitals in the new program. The uncertainty of their ability to complete the job causes them to shy away. Contracts are being rewritten to remove penalties for delays beyond the control of the contractor—but the whole building situation adds to the dreamy quality of our present paper dates for completion of our 74 new hospitals. Today's estimate is that most of the new beds will be ready in three to five years (that's five to seven years after V-J Day.) But even that estimate is more ambitious than realistic the way things are going. It is doubtful if more than half the 300,000 hospital bcds General Hines foresaw in 1943 as eventually necessary will be ready in 1950 or 1951. There's not much you can do about that fact now except write a row of exclamation points after it. It is certainly up to the VA and the Congress to make sure no further ground is lost.

What do all these figures, dates, estimates and shortages mean in terms of

people?

Nobody knows how many men and women are going totally without the care they need.

Or how many are being crowded into State hospitals by States which don't care to wait any longer for promised Federal facilities.

Or how many are being held in Army and Navy hospitals without discharge, awaiting available Veterans Administration hospitalization.

Or how many are going to the free clinics and wards of municipal and private

There will never be a census of them all, and the VA is far too busy with an avalanche of more urgent paper work to attempt a count.

However, in a single day recently 13,000 men and women—all veterans to whom promises have made in the law—visited the single regional office of the VA in New York City. They all came with problems troubling them, with questions to ask, or desperately needing help—and many were seeking hospitalization for disabilities or ailments. They didn't all get it—not even those who were clearly qualified, clearly in need.

Today it is utterly impossible for the VA to make so much as a gesture toward accommodating the non-service-connected veteran patients, patients who need hospitalization and are unable to pay for it.

Instead, when this year began, the VA was straining under a policy which stated first and foremost that no service-connected case would be turned away at the hospital

doors. The intentions were very laudable.

It was a paper policy, and was not actually being realized, but was being pushed as far as facilities, and the abilities of the present VA staff, could push it.

The VA admitted, in January, that in spite of this policy there were a few instances of service-connected patients not hospitalized. In fact, Surgeon General Hawley cracked down hard in February in one or two instances where VA hospitals had, apparently knowingly, turned away service-connected patients.

But the VA's few instances were not accurate national figures. Out in the field the few loomed much larger. Some Legion Department Medical Advisors said that within their own states there were more non-hospitalized cases of certain clear-cut service-connected ailments than the VA statistics admitted for those particular ailments in the entire nation. One Legion doctor was sure this held for service-connected tuberculosis in his state, From another State the top Legion medical advisor reported that State hospitals were taking tubercular patients straight out of the Army, The State was unwilling, in the absence of VA facilities, to let tubercular patients go home to infect their families. he said. And the State did this despite overerowding and under-staffing in its own hospitals. However, in most of the States even these crowded facilities are not available. They do not have sufficient beds or staffs to take care of their urgent civilian

It was further reported that crowded and understaffed conditions in VA hospitals had been causing tubercular patients to leave before they were entirely well. In one such instance a disgruntled tubercular veteran left the hospital and moved in with his sister and her children. Subsequently one of the children developed tubercular meningitis and died.

The VA was happily able to report in



"I'm not surprised you've never heard of the great horned rabbit, Constable, you're looking at a mighty rare animal"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Nev



NO ONE IS SAFE FROM CANCER

This year, 184,300 Americans will die of Cancer . . . one every three minutes.

YET . . . one in three could be saved thru early detection and prompt treatment.

PROTECT YOURSLLF! CANCER'S DANGER SIGNALS

- Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
- 2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
- 3. Progressive change in the comor or size of a wart or mole.
- 4. Persistent indigestion.
- Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
- 6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
- 7. Any radical change in normal bowel habits.

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
47 Beaver Street
New York City



Your Indelible Signature on a GI Home Loan

By U. V. Wilcox and J. H. Donoghue

Even though you sell that house you've bought or plan to buy, your name on the VA-guaranteed mortgage lingers on, as a potential liability. The Government-bestowed benefit imposes certain liabilities on the veteran. While the G.I. Bill of Rights makes it easy to buy a house with little or no cash, it may also hold you liable for the debt on that house, even after you have sold it.

This is the trick. That 50 percent or

This is the trick. That 50 percent or \$4000 guarantee introduces ghost provisions into the mortgage. First you buy. The Government's guarantee up to 50 percent is 2 convenient asset. The lender—a bank or building and loan association—cooperates under the same guarantee plan.

Then, some day, you decide to sell. The house passes to your buyer. The lender, however, does not release you from guaranteeing his ultimate reimbursement. As a veteran, your signature on the original paper is essential to his guarantee. In a sense, the lender cannot give you back your signature, for if he does he loses the Government's signature as well.

Now, if the person who buys your house meets the payments satisfactorily, there is no occasion for reference to the first signature on the mortgage. On the other hand, if the buyer defaults, it is possible the veteran, who made the original loan possible, may be called upon to help make good on any deficiency.

VA officials and lenders say that such a situation is "not likely to arise." At the same time, they admit that a drop in the real estate market could catch your buyer, or some subsequent buyer, with insufficient assets to pay off the loan. Under these circumstances, with VA paying off the deficiency to the lender, there arises the situation of the Government seeking to recover

as much as possible of what it paid out.

For example, if the amount raised from the forced sale of the house isn't enough to pay off the balance due on the loan, the veteran who made the original guaranteed loan is technically liable.

Suppose the house brings only \$6000 against a \$6500 balance due. The Veterans Administration, as agreed, makes good the \$500 deficiency. The lender who accepted the Government's guarantee is reimbursed. He is covered because the veteran's name is still on the original paper. As to the \$500, it becomes a matter between the Veterans Administration and the veteran who originally made the loan.

Technically, it is up to the Government to collect the amount of the deficiency from the veteran, whose personal liability was the subject of the guarantee. The veteran may conceivably have long sinec dismissed the matter from his mind. Having sold the house at a profit, he has moved away. Then, in that particular locality, the real estate market drops. Values decline, and there is a foreclosure. In seeking to salvage the money loaned, and the Government's guarantee, the veteran whose name is on the paper may then become a possible asset. Legally, he is liable. His name is still there, on the paper, as a guarantor.

It is possible to arrange a sale in which the veteran escapes this contingent liability, as the lawyers call it. Such a sale would be to someone who completely refinances the property, making a brand new mortgage. If the new buyer is a veteran, he uses his own guarantee privilege. If he is not a veteran, the new mortgage would have no VA guarantee. On such a refinancing transaction, the veteran is fully and completely released. No matter what happens to the property, he is not involved.

February that recently improved conditions were rapidly cutting down the number of such voluntary withdrawals from tubercular convalescence. This may be ascribed to recent legislation advocated by the American Legion.

At further variance with the small VA figures for non-hospitalized service-connect. ed patients was the experience of Legion Rehabilitation officials in Washington, who took a sampling of applications for VA hospitalization from one area in North Carolina on which no action had yet been taken. The sampling revealed a high percentage of *prima facie* service-connected eases not hospitalized. These are cases which by their very nature are service-connected, about which there can be no argument. They vary from such things as gunshot wounds received in service to, in the case of Pacific and other tropical veterans. malaria. There was no reason to assume the sampling was not representative of the nation.

The VA does not conceal its records. The discrepancy between its figures and the evidence of the private doctors exists because the VA figures are incomplete. The doctors meet patients who feel it is useless to apply for veterans aids, or who started to apply but quit because of the red tape. They meet more who still have their applications pending, and many more whom the VA has turned down as not service-connected—without convincing the doctors. None of these patients are in the VA tabulation of a small number of service-connected cases not hospitalized last January.

The VA will move heaven and earth to give immediate care to a veteran once it is established to the VA's satisfaction that his complaint is service-connected.

It's reviewing boards toil mightily to get through the blizzard of applications, and steps are taken occasionally to cut some of



"Contact lenses! Contact lenses! Contact lenses!!!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

the red tape vets must go through.

When all is said and done, the present clear-cut service-connected cases are more than enough to jam the beds presently available, and they are not all asking for hospitalization. Meanwhile the Legion doctors believe that a fat percentage of the men and women who will be turned away this year because they are adjudged not to be service-connected cases will eventually prove to suffer, in truth, from afflictions rising out of military service. Yet for them it wouldn't make much difference today if they won their argument.

Veterans in either the service-connected or non-service-connected category are entitled to hospitalization when in need of it. The distinction between them as applied most generally to veterans today is an administrative one, made in an effort to parcel out inadequate facilities to the most deserving of an army of men and women, all of whom are eligible, but as to whom a priority specified by law must be observed. Lack of facilities is at the heart of the trouble.

It would be great sport to pin the entire blame for the situation on the Veterans Administration, for it is charged with all the responsibility and looks like a handsome target. The events that led up to the present mess spell delay and delay and more delay. The VA has certainly made its mistakes, it ravels and snarls its own red tape. But it has also been caught in a web of shortages of material and labor, has met its share of bureaucratic bungling from the outside, and has been required to do too much with too little time.

Did you raise your eyebrows on learning that of 74 hospitals authorized in 1944 none is finished? From the point of need, this is shocking. But very little is to be accomplished by making the VA the entire scapegoat, or the veterans organizations, or the Congress, or the pre-war Administra-

When all the cards are face up on the table, gentle reader, the villain of the piece is nobody but us, meaning We, The People. You can recount all the mistakes, all the pitfalls, all the blunders, all the political gambits and inept officials, and while they make a pretty list they do not explain the shocking shortage of veterans hospitals.

It was too late, in 1944, to plan for the care of veterans of the recent war. Then our manpower and materials were needed for the prosecution of the war, and no matter what priorities were written on paper, no matter who ran the VA or how, those 74 hospitals would not materialize in a hurry.

The time to plan veterans' hospitals is when we are at peace, as part of the national defense program that always recognizes the possibility of war.

It might have been political suicide for any Congressman to urge construction of 74 veterans' hospitals in 1938. Amid cries of "Warmonger!" a frightened, shocked public would have voted him out of office. We who make up that public are responsible for today's shortage of veterans' hospitals. THE END

Getting Started on a Community Housing Project

housing problem are presented on pages cussion of this highly important topic. To compiled. guide us in this, we ask individual Posts to consider the following questionnaire, community is doing to provide housing for fill it out and send it to: Editorial Depart- veterans and how your Post is assisting in ment, The American Legion Magazine, this. A brief outline sent with this ques-One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

taking the first step in inaugurating a pro- ever, be put to good use.

Three practical plans for solving the gram. We will appreciate it if you will schedule this topic for discussion and 20 to 25 inclusive. In subsequent issues of action at your next Post meeting, and send the magazine we plan to continue our dis- us this information as soon as it can be

We are interested in knowing what your tionnaire will be appreciated. In view of In doing so you will not only be assisting the volume of replies expected, it will be us, but, where a housing program has not impossible for us to acknowledge receipt yet been started by your Post, you will be of the information you send. It will, how-

Post:	City:	State:
Does your Post have an active Housing Committee?		
Do you know how many homes are needed by veterans in your community?		
Does your average homeless veteran wish to buy or rent?		
If he wishes to b	uy, what price home does h	e want?
If he wishes to re	ent, what monthly rental do	es he want to pay?

Can a Man MY Age Become A

Hotel Executive

Even Though He Has No Previous Hotel Experience?

Would you like to step into a well-paid position as Hotel or Club Manager, Purchasing Agent, Social Director, Restaurant or Inn Manager, Assistant Manager? Would you like to be able to look forward happily to the future? The success of Lewis graduates from 18 to 50 PROVES you can—though you never had a minute's experience in hotel work.

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"Shortly after receiving my diploma from the Lewis Hotel Training School, accepted a position obtained for me by the Lewis Placement Bureau as Assistant to the Manager of a famous country club. Now Steward of this 350-room hotel, Have been here eleven months and the hotel three raises in salary," writes C. F. Hearine,



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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly,

once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the

excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poison-ous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nag-ging backache, rheumatic pains, less pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning some-times shows there is something wrong with your

kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years, Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood, Get Doan's Pills.



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Surplus Sale

When they proudly hail a bargain sale, With many a fine war asset up, I loudly cry to myself, cry I, "I can't afford to pass it up."

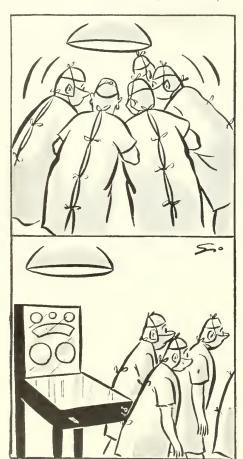
Though I might drop in at any shop There's none that I'd do better in Than a grateful Government offers to A certified war veteran.

What I desire is a nice fresh tire, Some tools to practice botany, But in rain I pine and stand in line To learn they just ain't got any.

A mosquito net I can cheaply get Or a gross of plumber's gaskets. If for shoes I scout or for soap, they're out, But they do have laundry baskets.

If parka hoods are just the goods I long for, more's the pity, With me back East, they get released For sale in Salt Lake City.

So though I'm a higher priority buyer It seems there's a moratorium, And finally I go out and buy At an "Army-Navy" emporium. Fairfax Downey



American Legian Magazine

Greetings

While in command of an American destroyer patrolling the Channel coast of England, Commander John D. Bulkeley, the PT boat hero of the Philippines, received a blinker light message from a British corvette somewhere out in front.

"How do you like my new camouflage job?" the British message inquired.

By blinker light Bulkeley replied: "Wonderful—where are you?"—By Stanley G. Grayovski

Zoomies

In mid-1943 when the Army Air Corps' novice birdmen were beginning to display their aerial exuberance, small towns near the busy airfields received more than one terrifying seare. Frightened townsfolk besieged Air Corps authorities with pleas to stop low level "buzzing" which was turning their hair gray, ruining freshly-washed laundry and scaring livestock.

One day while the "zoomies" were up to their customary antics, a frenzied citizen telephoned the nearby airbase and reported to Operations that "those planes are back again." Screaming zooms and threatening glides had the whole village unnerved. Good folk scurried for cover from roaring and diving aircraft.

At the field, Operations responded matter-of-factly:

"Are they single engined?"
"Yes."

"Are their tails painted yellow?"

"Yes."

"Do they have large black numerals on each side?

"Yes."

"Do they have a large white star under the left wing?

"Yes," came the impatient reply.
"Well, don't worry, sir, they're ours," was the serene response.—By J. D. Usina

Crowned

My wife feels irked if her chapeau Is worn by any other dame; I'm ill at ease unless I know My friends and I all wear the same. Philip Lazarus

Protection

While going through the process of getting a divorce from his wife, Italia, Corporal Fred M. Martin requested a court order in Detroit that he not be permitted to marry for two years.

Judge Vincent M. Brennan granted the request with this stern reminder: "You realize that if you violate the order I'll have to send you to jail."

Replied Corporal Martin:

"Yes, your honor. I need it for my own protection. There are too many good-looking women around here."

–By Harold Helfer

And Shoemakers' Kids Wear Shoes

THE commanding officer was inspecting government-issued equipment of some newly transferred soldiers. He stopped before one private and noted 26 pairs of socks, nine pairs of shoes, extra shorts, and a general surplus of regular

"Well, private!" remarked the officer. "You must have been on good terms with the supply sergeant!

"Yes, sir!" beamed the soldier. "I was the supply sergeant!"—By Tom Gootée



"I'm Lost. Found is out to lunch."

American Legian Magazine

Well, He Does!

When Staff Sergeant Tom Caney got back to our Colorado base after 25 months overseas, he figured he was entitled to be service-nervous, so he sifted through all the dodges and picked out the most likely deal. One morning he reported in at sick call and demanded to be sent to the base hospital for a psychological check-up.

For seven days, nothing happened. Caney sat around a ward, reading comic books, writing letters, enjoying his vaca-tion. Then one morning two kid second looey medics appeared at his bed and launched brusquely into a psycho third degree-typical army style, with most of the questions, either embarrassing, or ridiculous, or both. The inquisition went on for about 20 minutes. Finally, one of them pushed his face up close to Caney's, and in a mysterious voice, asked, "Sergeant, do you hear voices?"

Caney thought it over. He looked fur-

tively around. "Ycs," he said.
"Whose?" The two medics leaned forward, pencils poised.

"Yours," whispered Caney, deadly serious.

Brows knitted, the medics scribbled on their report shects and went away.

Weeks later, back in his squadron orderly room after being "cured," Caney came across his army medical history, with one of the psycho reports attached. Under "Symptoms" was recorded this damaging testimony:

"Hears voices."—By Guy Halferty

